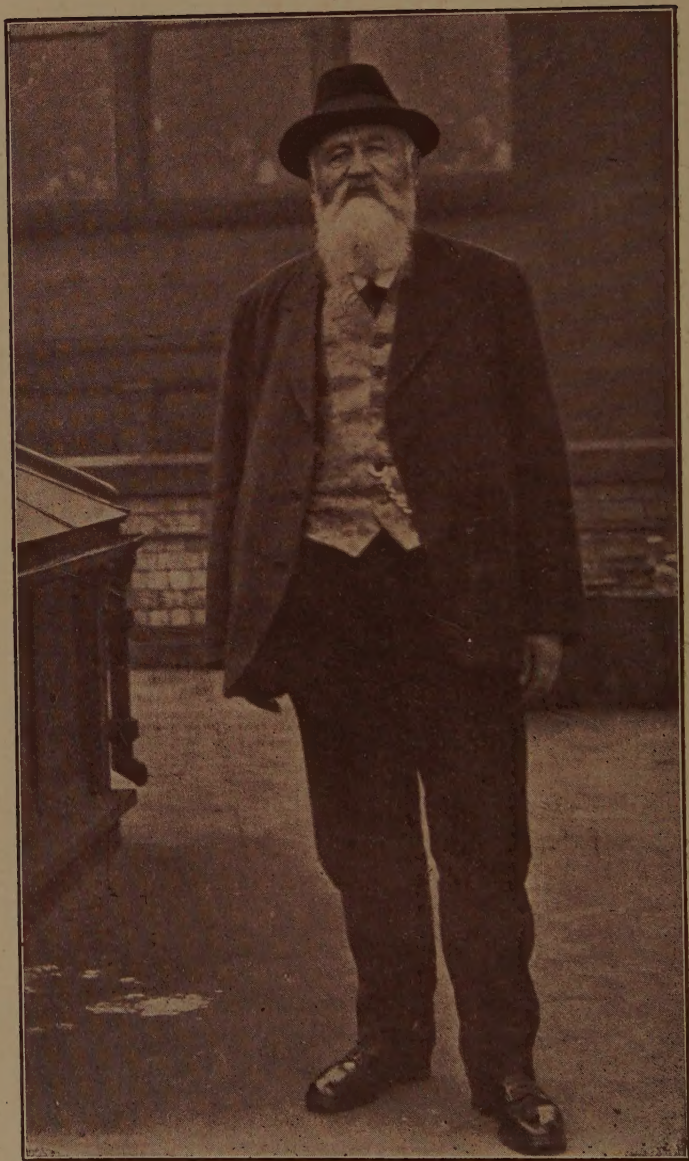


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**BIBLE PIONEER WORK IN
NORWEGIAN LAPLAND.**



A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. WANGBERG.

BIBLE PIONEER WORK IN NORWEGIAN LAPLAND

"THE HOME OF THE REINDEER;"
"THE LAND OF THE MID-NIGHT SUN."

BY
A. WANGBERG.

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PREFACE.

Lapland—land of deep grooved valleys, bold headlands, sublimely grand fjords and long mountain lakes; land of the reindeer, the sleigh and the ski; where the sun does not set in midsummer, nor rise in midwinter; where the Aurora Borealis, “the Light of the North,” adds its testimony to the creative wonders of the Mighty Maker of Heaven and Earth; land of “the northmost of the Northmen,”—this is the country the people of which are interestingly brought before us by the pen of the author. Their condition has not very materially altered since the poet Thomson described their simple life in the following lines:—

“The reindeer form their riches;
these their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their
homely wealth,
Supply; their wholesome fare and
cheerful cups.”

The following pages are written, not merely to describe the land and its beauties, the people and their state, but to stir up prayer on their behalf, and for the work of the gospel, in which the author of this book has been called of God to labour for many years, and which to a large number of the Laplanders has proved to be "the power of God unto salvation."

There, too, as in every place where the gospel has found an entrance, the sowing of the good seed of the kingdom has been followed by the sowing of the tares. To this our author bears witness where he speaks of the work of the adversary among the dupes of his devices, of the errors of Seventh-day Adventism, Millennial Dawnism, Spiritism, Christian Science and other forms of error by which the arch-foe of the gospel untiringly seeks to undermine the faith in the hearts of those who have received it, and to prevent others from learning the truth. What need there is to pray for those who genuinely are preaching

“Christ and Him crucified,” and seeking to contend earnestly “for the faith once for all delivered to the saints !”

May the spiritual messages which accompany the graphic descriptions given in the following narrative be owned of God to the profit and blessing of the reader and to the furtherance of the gospel of God !

Bath, 1924.

W. E. Vine.

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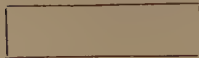
MRS. WANGBERG AND MISS SIGRED.

**MR. WANGBERG'S EARLY LIFE
AND CONVERSION.**



Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light
unto my path. *Psalm 119, 105.*

*Within this awful volume lies
Mystery of Mysteries !
Happiest they of human race,
Who from their God have gotten grace,
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch to force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.*



CHAPTER I.

MY intention is that this story should be of interest to old and young. The boy makes the man, as coming events cast their shadows before, and after all, God's most valiant servants began to serve Him, when young.

Joseph, Samuel, David, Daniel, and most of the Bible heroes were young when they did great exploits in God's name and power. And so in the interests of the youngest as well as the oldest, I intend to make my story simple.

Now, I suppose that my ancestors were of the Viking race, who ravaged these British and Northern Continental shores, who took to the water like ducks and were not unskilful on the land. Think of how these men scoured the seas on these mere cockle-shell boats of thirty feet long, rigged in the most primitive fashion; risking their lives on the stormy Northern, and even

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Arctic waters, daring the dangers of the deep and the hardships of an Arctic Winter, on the frozen, and eternally snowy land.

Even, when having tasted the wines of Italy, and having made up their minds to capture the vines that produced the delicious beverage, they endured just as much from the intense heat of the South, as ever they did from the inhospitable, yet their beloved shores of the North.

I feel like apologising to my more Southern neighbours whose ancestors may have suffered from these marauders from my native altitudes, lakes and pine forests in the lone silent spaces of Norwegian Lapland.

It is no small compliment to the hardihood and untiring energy of those Scandinavians, generally, that they ruled their own countries and for centuries dominated the Hebrides, the Orkneys, and much of Britain and Ireland, as far south as the Isle of Man, and Dublin. Traces of their occupation remain in many of our place-names, especially in the North of Scotland, the Outer Hebrides, and the Orkneys.

There are no fruits in the Lapland territories, yet it must be admitted that





MR. WANGBERG'S FISHING BOAT.

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men grew there long ago whose prowess no one will doubt.

It may interest my readers to know that the Norwegian people claim to have visited the countries of America, and Canada as far back as the 13th Century, long before Columbus Colon was born; and the Norwegians are proud of this claim.

One way by which Dr. Nansen, the explorer, proves this is by the fact that the Canadians play a game called "La Crosse," and this being a game of Norwegian origin, it must have been taught by the Norwegians on their first visit to that country. There is evidence that this game is very old in Canada. And its presence so early, in the history of that country, proves, according to Dr. Nansen, that this game was a contribution brought from Norway to the social life of Canada.

The old heathen worship has left us a legacy in the names of the days of the week. And these Northern Regions gave us at least Woden, for our Wednesday, and Thor for our Thursday, both Woden and Thor being names of heathen gods worshipped by the Norwegian and Scandinavian peoples, generally.

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I have seen it recorded that the Lapps are the smallest men in Europe, being about five feet in height. But it is a mistake to class all Lapps together. I am a Norwegian Lapp, and stand six feet four in height, and weigh about twenty stones.

Those natives of Lapland who are born and bred about the Norwegian sea coasts are generally tall and strong.

My parents were typically good people, and like their forebears lived a frugal and industrious life. The fishing trade was the only occupation that the country afforded our people, except hunting, for we did little in land cultivation.

In Norway about 120,000 men are engaged in the fishing trade, with about 20,000 boats. In a good season, sixty-seven millions of cod may be taken. I spent my young life until I was twenty-five years old, fishing with my father, and being the oldest of ten children, my earnings were appreciated very highly at home. I would not have chosen any other occupation had it been in my power. It is fine to be called to preach the gospel as the Apostles were from the Galilean Lake. And it



A NORWEGIAN LAKE.

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is comforting to know that Our Blessed Lord and Saviour sailed on a fishing boat, and was familiar with the phraseology, customs and manners of sea-faring people. He knew their dangers and hardships, and paid the fisher-folk the highest of all compliments, in calling most of His Apostles from that profession. So one feels at home when at fishing; for one feels that it was the occupation of James and John, Peter and others, and that our Lord often shared the hardships and adventures of the Syrian Sea. And on board of the fishing smack, He wrought a great miracle, in calming the sea, showing that he could control the sea, as at another time, He showed that He could control the fishes, when He made one of them the banker of the Apostolate in causing it to pay the tribute money, and on another occasion, when He controlled their numbers to fill the empty nets of Peter and his partners.

There are great lakes in Lapland, one is sixty-five miles long, and nine broad, another thirty-five miles long and seven wide. Fishing need not be confined to cod; for trout and halibut and kindred

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fine fishes are found in the lakes and rivers which abound in that region.

Nearly one half of Sweden is under forest, and one fourth of Norway. One seventh of the land in Sweden is under cultivation. Norway is unable to grow all her cereals. She imports much grain, one fifth of all her imports. Much of the wood grown in Norway is used to make paper. A tree in the morning may be a newspaper in the evening.

In this land so full of the hazards that appeal to the daring and exhilarating exercise of mountaineering, sleighing, and ski-ing. I was born on 26th April, 1867. I suppose I would just be like other babies with a mother's strong prejudice in my favour in all the usual comparisons among children. My parents being good members of the Orthodox Church, I was duly baptized within the usual time after birth.

The Orthodox Church is really the Lutheran Church, and not unlike your Church of England in its ritual. There may be more of the reformed flavour about the Church of England, yet on the whole it has much in common with our Orthodox Church in Norway.



A CHRISTIAN WORKER IN LAPLAND.

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Luther, you remember, was the great German Reformer, known as "The Monk who shook the world," who is for ever renowned as the man who burned the Pope's Bull, that is, a proclamation against Luther's supposed heresy, and stood against Ecclesiastical Europe in defence of an open Bible, and the doctrine of justification by faith.

That was a stirring time! And those who followed Luther's teaching were called Lutherans, and hence the Lutheran Church is just the old Christian Church in a great many countries, without the Pope's control and jurisdiction.

And every protestant is simply a Christian, or a catholic with a protest against certain things in the Roman Catholic Church, such as confession of sin to a priest, purgatory, indulgences, the worship of the Virgin, salvation by works, etc., the worship of images and the neglect of our Saviour, as the one mediator between God and man.

Now, when about four years old I became very anxious about my soul's salvation. I used to creep into secret places to pray that God would forgive my sin. It does seem strange that a child of four should feel a burden of

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sin, and should be filled with anxiety about eternal things, yet this has been God's way with His servants. The Holy Spirit deals with His people in very early years; Samuel could not have been much older than four when God spoke to him in the temple during the night. How foolish to believe that children do not think about eternal things! Yes, they do, and it is a serious matter to discourage or make light of the dear children in their endeavours to find light in Jesus, who is light itself.

Dear Brothers and Sisters, Do not trifle with children. Take them seriously as they feel anxious about coming to our Lord Jesus. God's Spirit strives with them and burdens them, and seeks to save their young precious souls for living and service.

Sabbath School Teacher, Take your work seriously, and be in your class regularly, and do not absent yourselves unless for some very real reason, such as sickness. Send a substitute in your absence and let your absence be seldom. Store the children's minds with the words of the Bible, the Book of God, which is the seed of eternal life.



16. Thi saa har Gud el-
 stet Berden, at han gav
 sin Søn, den enbaarne,
 for at hver den som tror
 paa ham, ikke skal fortæbes,
 men have evigt Liv;
 Rom. 8, 32. 1 Joh. 4, 9.

16. Dastgó nuff læ Ib-
 mel rakistam mailne,
 atte son. læ addam su
 barnes, dam aidnorie-
 gadam, amas oktage,
 gutte su ala osko, lapput,
 mutto vai agalas ællen
 son ouggo.

John 3. 16.

JOHN 3, 16.

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I went regularly to the State Church with my parents, and thus formed the grand habit of attendance on the means of grace. Our Blessed Saviour practised the custom of attending the House of God.

We read in Luke, chapter iv. and 16: "And He came to Nazareth where He had been brought up: and as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath Day."

Heb. iv. and 25: "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is."

It is a good thing to be trained up in the synagogue-going habit. Synagogue is a word which simply means, **a coming together**, in modern language, **a meeting**. Jesus our Lord learned the habit, if He required to learn. He certainly did so for our benefit that we might follow His example. There is always hope for people who are under the sound of the Gospel. And I do thank God for parents who took me to hear the Word of God.

There may have been many things which I do not now agree with, in the Lutheran Church Service, yet I thank God that I heard the Bible read and

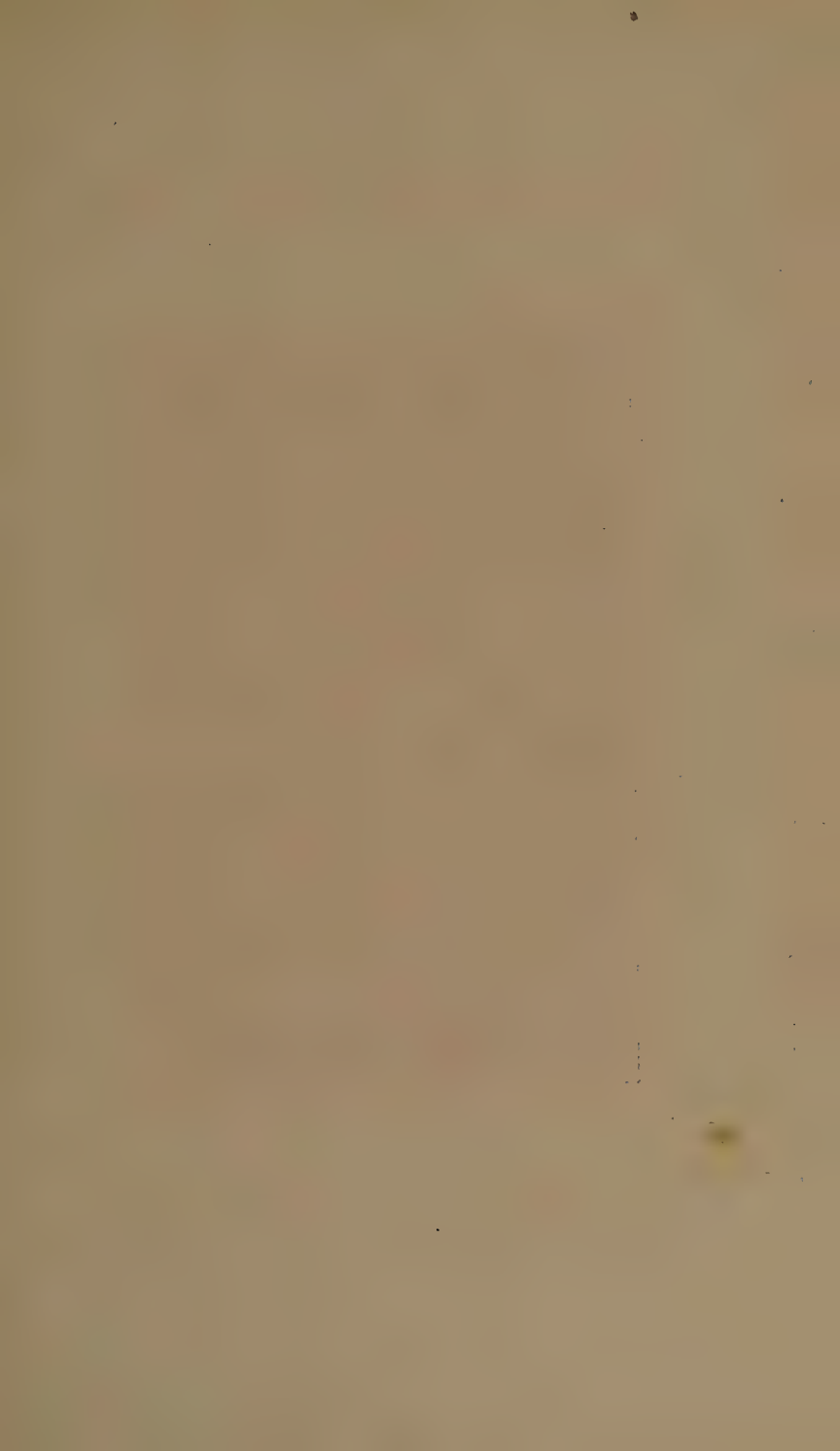
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explained in some way, and that was a great privilege.

So Parents, Keep the children under the sound of the Gospel.

Is it not a fact that God deals with all children, and that many quench the Spirit with worldly ways, and sensual pleasure? And is it not true that many parents discourage their talk about religion as they term it? What a crime! What a calamity to quench the yearnings of a dear little child who is wanting to know the Lord Jesus!

When about twelve years old I desired to follow the custom of the community and wished to join the Church and become a communicant as my parents were before me. After some exercise of heart and conscience, I gathered sufficient courage to enable me to approach the village priest at the altar. Kneeling there I expected him to deal with my sin, and to pronounce me forgiven. But I was greatly disappointed to hear him ask me if I had been confirmed. The old gentleman spoke kindly to me, but I had not been confirmed, and alas! I had to be led from that altar without the forgiveness I sought. Yet what an opportunity that priest lost to lead me to a know-





MR. AND MRS. WANGBERG AND FAMILY.

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ledge of the truth, but no; alas! I was left to experience the misery of a lost sinner for many years after that incident. This is not an uncommon experience among young people who have been exercised about their souls. Many have been driven away from the very door of Salvation by foolish and ignorant people, who do not understand, or do not wish to understand God's operations on the young heart. Happy are those young people whose convictions and yearnings after God are encouraged, and who can say that from a child they have known the Holy Scriptures, and that they have thus been made wise unto Salvation.

Matt. xviii. 3 tells us that "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." But later in the same chapter at verse 6, we read an awful pronouncement: "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." There is always some young person anxious to be saved, and every Christian, and especially, every Christian preacher should be on

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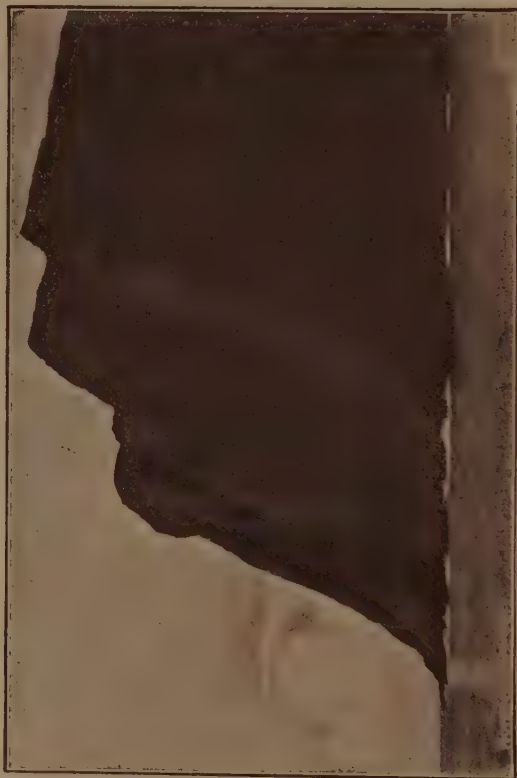
the outlook for the anxious ones. We have all known of parents who try to quench the desires for Christ among the young, by advising their children not to disturb their minds with these serious thoughts at such an early age, and that instead of moping, as they call it, they should attend places of mirth and pleasure, and thus drive away those thoughts about our Lord Jesus and of Heaven. What a sad result has often been brought about by such satanic tactics. Parents should thank God for every question about the Better Land.

Mrs. Heman's poem is full of suggestions for teachers and parents.

Where, oh where is that Better Land ?
Thou callest its children a happy band.
Where, oh where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more ?

This is often a child's question. May every Christian be ready to answer it. See John xiv. and 6: "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

God dealt with me many a time about my soul's salvation and many a time He spoke to me through accidents by which I nearly lost my life.



THE NORTH CAPE.

Where the Sun never sets for three months in the year.

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I remember in the year 1879, I had one of those narrow escapes by which God preached to me with great force and conviction. It is customary for people of Northern Norway to gather eggs in the Springtime, along the sea shores. Multitudes of migratory birds frequent these regions, and with unerring instinct they lay their eggs where it is almost impossible for a human being to find them unless at great risk to one's life. The birds place their eggs far out on the marshy places where a footing is very difficult to get. On the soft marshy shore it is almost certain death to venture. On this particular occasion I was determined to reach those distant eggs at all risks, being of a daring nature. I reached or had almost reached the eggs when down I went up to the shoulders in the slime of that dangerous place. The horror of the possibilities took hold of my imagination with awful reality. I seemed sure that I was doomed to be buried alive in these terrible marsh-pits. All my past life came up before me as a long drawn-out panorama, and every second seemed an eternity! O those awful moments; when shall I, or shall I ever forget them! My heartrending

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cries rent the air paralysing my brother and sister who were with me on the hard ground near by. So terrorised was my sister that she could do nothing for quite a few minutes, but scarcely breathe. Then recovering somehow, both of them—brother and sister—got hold of my large stick which I had still in my outstretched hand. My brother held the stick until my sister had recovered her nerve, and so thank God I was delivered from an awful death. Did I pray? Did I not? Yes, I prayed until I was delivered, and I then promised that if God would deliver me that I would be His child for evermore and serve Him without fear, stint or let or hindrance all the days of my life. How often I have thought of that impression made on my mind then, and I have never forgotten the vows I made. But alas! I soon ignored my promises to serve God. But the Lord spoke to me again in most unmistakable language.

My father and some comrades and I were fishing out in the Arctic sea near Archangel on the coast of the Kola Peninsula. Here we were face to face with shipwreck and death. I cried to Almighty God to save us and to deliver



ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL PLACES WHERE MR. WANGBERG PREACHES THE GOSPEL.

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us for His mercy's sake. Then I remembered my meanness in forgetting my vows of 1879, when I despaired of my life, and when God in infinite mercy saved me, and when I promised to serve Him all the days of my life. O the mercy of God to sinful men!

Yet again I forgot to pay my vows unto the Lord and wandered in my thoughts and actions far from Him, yet He did remember me in His everlasting grace, and at last saved my poor soul, bringing me out of darkness unto light and from the power of Satan unto God.

I am sure that God deals with men in that fashion. How often He dealt with Paul, when Saul of Tarsus, when persecuting God's people! How often He has dealt with us all and has He not often dealt with us in wonderful kindness when He might have smitten us down to the ground? "If Thou were strict to mark iniquity, O Lord, who should stand?"

And I can truly say that God has not bestowed His grace on me in vain. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto Me and I unto the world."

"I am crucified with Christ : never-

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theless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me : and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God Who loved me and gave Himself for me." Gal. ii. and 20.

I do wish my life just to be a monument of His mercy and a continual expression of gratitude to God, for all those wonderful kindnesses which He hath bestowed on me.

I was now eighteen years old, having still deep convictions of my lost condition, yet no one could understand my plight. But I am sure that when we seek, we are sure to find the Lord. God was operating on my behalf. Although I knew it not, He was sending help. Indeed, it was now on the way.

Mr. Edison, of the British and Foreign Bible Society paid a visit to my native place. This Christian brother helped the Norwegian people to found their own Bible Society with its headquarters in Christiania.

And, O wonder of wonders, Mr. Edison gave me a Bible in my own native language, and this is how he spoke to me : "I have the best book, the oldest book, and the wisest book in the world, and if you, young man, wish to be happy and wealthy and wise, just



THE FIRST PIONEER GOSPEL PREACHER IN LAPLAND.

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pay me four crowns (a little over four shillings in English money) and have it in your possession. Meditate therein, day and night. Believe it, and apply it to your own heart."

I bought the book and it was the means of my conversion in 1890. Truly "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God" Rom. x. and 17.

From this point in my career, I had a great desire to leave the fishing boat, and go out to tell others of the Saviour I had found.

But I cannot but thank God for the Bible Societies that have encompassed the globe with the Best Book in the world. It is not unremarkable that so many connected with seafaring life, and especially the fishing occupation, have been devoted servants of the Most High.

There were two brothers, I have learnt since coming to Scotland, whose names were Robert and James Haldane, who took a great interest in Bible Society work in the beginning of last century, both having been sailors in the British Royal Navy. So great was their interest in Bible distribution and kindred work that in twelve years, it is estimated that, being men of large

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means, they spent over seventy thousand pounds.

These brothers spent most of their time in Evangelistic Tours, among fishermen, especially in the North of Scotland, founding many independent churches.

After spending so much time in founding real living churches, they discovered for themselves that Baptism by immersion, was the New Testament method of Baptism, and latterly, became Baptists, but none the less burning bushes for God as long as they lived.

Robert Haldane once visited a criminal condemned to death for mutiny and murder on the High Seas. As an excuse for his crime, the condemned man said that he had been a sailor. Mr. Haldane rejoined that he too had been a sailor, and had found it a favourable occupation for reading and meditating upon God's Word. This made a great impression, and being followed up with the Gospel, this poor condemned man was led to Jesus as his Saviour.

The sea is certainly conducive to thought and prayer, and Matthew Henry, the Commentator, says: "He



MESSRS. WANGBERG AND GOLDING.

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that would learn to pray, let him go to sea."

The sea is a great corrective of much that is erroneous in our thinking and living. I know that the comparative safety of the big liners on sea voyages incites much wickedness on board. And sometimes that wickedness is rudely awakened by calamities which are not surprising to those who know of the awful and insolent and profane use or waste of time on board great passenger steamers.

Now like the Brothers Haldane, I discovered from God's Word that immersion was the scriptural mode of Baptism.

After much exercise on the subject, and many days of serious thought, I made up my mind to be immersed. I shall never forget the thoughts that thrilled my soul as I prepared for the occasion, nor can I forget the thoughts that filled my mind as I was buried with Him, under the water, as I felt the sweet voice of the answer of a good conscience towards God.

Buried with Christ,
And risen with Him too,
What is there left for me to do?
Simply to cease from struggling and strife,
Simply to walk in newness of life.

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A wonderful romantic freshness came into my life after my Baptism. The incident, doubtless, caused some talk among my friends, and hard things were said, which I did not hear. But I was dead to the world and its opinions. The fear of man that brings a snare was defied in the name of Jesus.

Jesus the name high over all,
In earth, and sea and sky,
Angels of light before it fall,
And Devils fear and fly.

Jesus chased away the fear of man and his opinions from me, and I have never seen those fears since. "Perfect love casteth out fear." See 1 John iv. and 18. A well-known English wit has said: "That much talent is lost to the world for want of a little courage." But Jesus said something more solemn still, when He said in Mark viii. and 38: "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the Holy Angels."

I now felt very much concerned about my future life-work, and after much thought and prayer I left the



MR. T. GOLDING WITH HIS LAPP SUIT.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

fishing boats and all my friends to make known Christ's unsearchable riches. See Matt. xxi. and verse 19. I felt that Jesus was calling me to be a fisher of men. I have not looked back since.

In the following year, I went as far south as Christiania, the chief city of Norway, and there I joined a class for studying the Scriptures. Here I profited much by Christian fellowship and the study of the Book in an atmosphere which was most congenial and inspiring. I had my first lesson in the English language at this place with other students, and have continued to learn as opportunity presented itself, not only English, but other Continental languages, for which, it seems, God had given me an aptitude.

I went forth believing that Jesus is the Son of God, as Paul did long ago. See Acts ix. and 20. I was determined to know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. I was thrilled with the thought that Jesus is the Saviour of the world. John iv. and 42.

Strongly would I advise all believers, young and old, to put into practice the words of the beautiful hymn:—

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

“Take time to be holy,
Speak oft with thy Lord,
Abide in Him alway,
And feed on His Word.
Make friends with God’s children,
Help those who are weak,
Forgetting in nothing,
His blessing to seek.”

The purpose of the class which I attended in Christiania was that we might be fitted for Gospel work in Norway and in other lands. The class consisted of nine students and myself. In May, 1893, the way opened up for nine of us to go over to Southampton to the home of Mr. T. Golding, to have further training in the English tongue. The way did not seem open for me as God was using me in Gospel work in Norway, and I felt myself duty-bound to stay in the field where the harvest was truly great, and labourers few, and where evidently there was the blessing of the Lord.

In 1894, God sent Mr. Golding over to Sweden and Norway to conduct meetings, and on his return to England he arranged that I should go with him to England. I went to his home in Southampton and remained in that hospitable place for six months. Here



MR. AND MRS. WANGBERG.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

I studied the English language and made considerable progress, and what was more important, I studied God's Word and learned to play the part of the man in the 1st Psalm, and to live day and night in God's Book.

In 1895, the way opened up further for me to visit America, where I had the joy of preaching the Gospel to many of the Scandinavian people. On the 15th of April of that year, I met Miss Martha Krogh, one of my fellow students in Christiania. Meeting as we did in U.S.A., so far from home, we did not like one another the less, and we became engaged and were married. After travelling much all over that vast continent, engaging in Gospel work all the time, we returned to our native land.

My wife was born at Myondal Eker, in the South of Norway, in 1870, and was converted in 1891, and like myself was baptized by immersion in 1892.

Our first intention was to go to China, but our desires were not gratified, and so we had to be content to serve the Lord nearer home. Four sons and one daughter were born to us. The first, little Daniel, God took to

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Himself at the age of three months. Another boy, Samuel, was taken on March 2nd, 1922, when nearly twenty years old. He was a fine lad, and knew the Lord very intimately. His last words were "Praise God." He had visited the Headquarters of the Norwegian United Mission in 1919, and I remember how he had looked forward with such joy and expectancy to a life of service and great usefulness, but God had ordered it otherwise, and so he was called up higher.

What a bitter cup this was to his Mother and myself! Yet the Lord Jesus sweetened that cup. As Moses sweetened the waters of Marah by casting in the God-chosen tree to make them sweet, so Christ Jesus, blessed be His Name, sweetened the waters of Marah for me and mine, and intensified our interest in the great blood-washed throng, with its ever increasing multitude, who serve Him day and night in His Temple.

Our daughter, Huldah, has been training herself for God's service, and has been in training homes in England, speaking English well. She will be of great service to the Master's cause wherever He wishes to call her.



MISS HULDAH WANGBERG,
Trained Missionary.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

“And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter: therefore the name of it was called Marah. And the people murmured against Moses, saying what shall we drink? And he cried unto the Lord; and the Lord shewed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet: there He made for them a statute and an ordinance, and there He proved them.”—Exodus xvi. 23-25.

O Jesus make the waters sweet,
If Marah's pool I ever meet,
When marching to the Promised Land,
If I should by those waters stand.

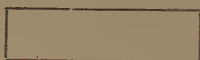
Thou tree of life those waters bless,
If bitterness our souls distress,
Each bitter tear Thy people shed,
O sweeten as they onward tread.

If friends forsake us in our need,
And false are they in word and deed,
O sweeten then our bitter soul,
When marching onward to the goal.

If fortunes frown with threat'ning mien,
When hopeless does our outlook seem,
O Jesus keep our love aglow,
While we to Canaan onward go.

If health decline and age appear,
O ever with Thy sweetness cheer,
And even with my dying breath,
I'll pray Thee, Lord, to sweeten death.

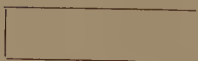
**CONDITIONS OF LIVING AND
HABITS OF THE PEOPLE
OF LAPLAND.**



For every beast of the forest is mine, and the
cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the
fowls of the mountains; and the wild beasts of
the field are mine. *Psalm 50, 10, 11.*

*Like as the hart for water-brooks
in thirst doth pant and bray;
So pants my longing soul, O God,
that come to thee I may.*

*My soul for God, the living God,
doth thirst: when shall I near
Unto thy countenance approach,
and in God's sight appear?*



CHAPTER II.

MOST of my time has been spent working for the Lord in Lapland, in that land which is dark in more ways than one. The name "Lapp" is said to be one given as a nickname by foreigners signifying an inferior race.

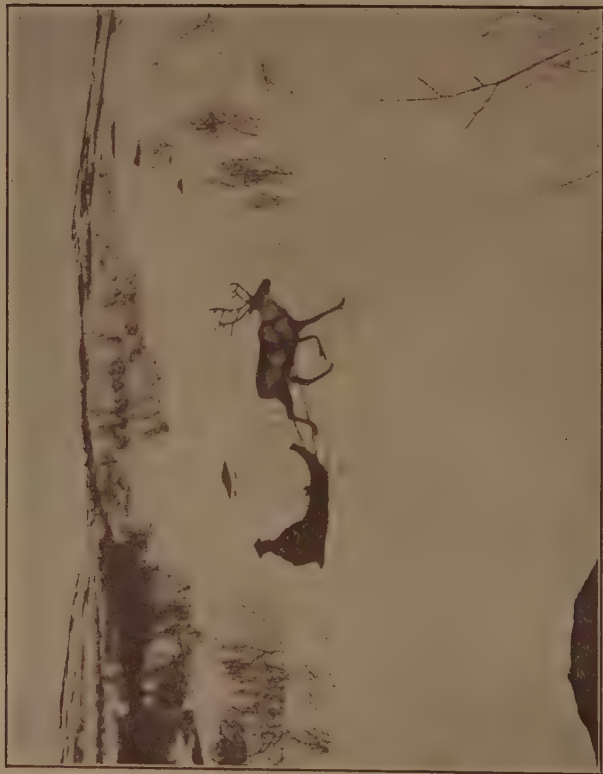
The Lapps live in miserable huts chiefly built of turf. What comfort could one expect in a cold winter in such places? Young people in other lands should put higher value on what they do so richly enjoy in the matter of comfort. But things are not improved by the practice of housing the animals of the people in these huts. Goats, cows, sheep and dogs are all huddled together in these semi-dark enclosures. Frequently one finds a host of pests, of an Egyptian-plague type, which make things lively, and do not increase the comfort. Those pests resemble the horse-leech. Moreover, the huts are difficult to keep clean, as might be guessed from

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the conditions described, and the scarcity of furniture is possibly a blessing in disguise, and a necessity for want of room.

Ventilation is very faulty, and the smoke refuses to leave as quickly as one might desire. It leaves so slowly and so unwillingly that the eyes of the people are not the better of the smoke-begrimed atmosphere. And sad to say that many lose their sight altogether owing to the acrid state of the air inside the huts. How true it is that each man's best country ever is at home! How these people love their homes with all their discomfort!

The people do not often wash themselves. And neither would you, my reader, if you were surrounded by such cold conditions. But they do not waste much time on their morning ablutions and toilet. There is a tradition that it is too weakening and unlike a true Lapp to be always washing one's self. It may be a very mistaken tradition, yet it is a very natural one under the circumstances, yet much unnecessary suffering is undergone by the poor people through the neglect of soap and water. Cleanliness may be next to Godliness, but it is



DRIVING WITH A REINDEER IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

very difficult to attain in a region like Lapland amid almost everlasting frost.

There are no fine bedrooms in these huts, and often the people do not undress as they lie down on deerskins, under which are birch twigs and leaves as dry as possible. Covered also with skins they enjoy a good sound sleep, awakening refreshed and fitted for the day's fishing, hunting, or sleighing or ski-ing. While asleep, those people are as happy as the King in a bed of down, or as happy as an Indian Maharajah whose comforts are a burden, and whose conditions of warmth, both day and night, are too continual to make them very welcome.

God teaches us by contrast, and a change of heat and cold is very instructive. Yet the Lapp is not without his Summer time, and he does appreciate it exceedingly, short as it is.

It is not to be wondered at that the Lapp is irregular in his habits in such climatic conditions. And we are not surprised that the ethics of the Lapp need a little revision and toning up. But "let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

The degrees of comfort vary in Lapland as they do elsewhere. And as

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the terms "Wealth" and "Poverty" are relative terms, we must judge the welfare of the Lapps by their own ideas of these. The Lapps on the mountains are much more comfortable than the Lapps on the lower plains. Although the Lapp on the plains does not envy the mountaineer, as he has a standard of living all his own, and a standard which he believes to be right.

All Lapps cannot be classed alike. A great English writer once said that no charge could be brought against any whole nation. He meant that some were always innocent. So of peoples: they are not alike in morals, fashions, conditions, social or spiritual. There are some excellent men and women among the Lapps, who would be a credit to any country. And our prayer is that the Gospel's joyful sound may be heard and obeyed among this interesting and primitive people.

The reindeer is God's provision for this people as the camel is the provision for our neighbours nearer the equator. If the camel is the ship of the desert, the reindeer is the ship of the snow. And what a wonderful gift of God the reindeer is indeed! For instance, the reindeer does not get his food from



LAPPS REMOVING.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

man. He is not spoonfed, nor is the food he eats found in mangers or provided by his master. The reindeer finds his own food. He really serves and works without pay and without even rations. What a happy hunting ground for those skinflints who wish their servants to work for next to nothing! What a dream to have beings that work for nothing and eat nothing at the expense of the master! This is a dream that would have thrilled Laban and certainly would have cheered the heart of Nabal who refused food to David for services.

Instinctively the reindeer knows where to find his food. He lives on mosses that are native to the snows of Lapland. When the snow is very thick he knows where to dig for his favourite dish. Just as the water diviner can tell where to find water, by some strange feeling reverberating through his body at the point where it is located beneath the surface that gives no apparent clue, so the reindeer feels instinctively where to dig for moss, however deep it may be in the snow beneath. And his diligence is rewarded.

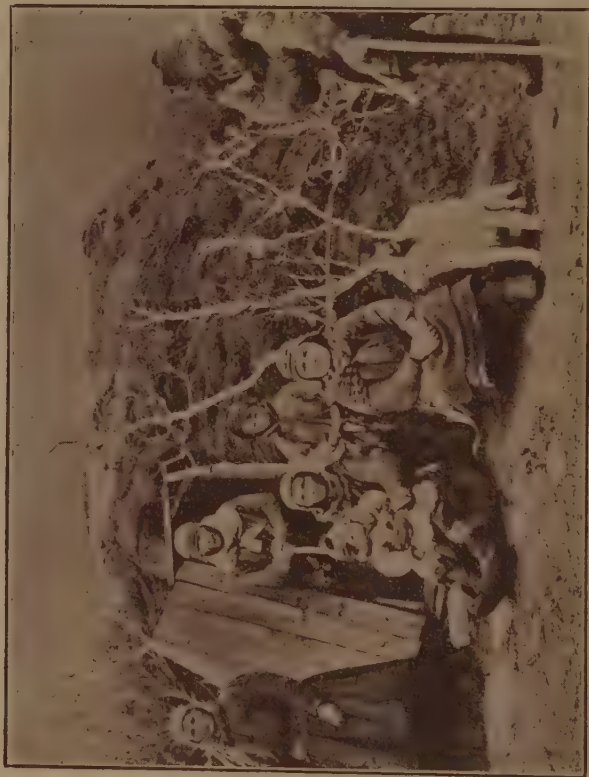
There is surely something of meaning in this. God could easily have arranged

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it otherwise. But the very exercise of digging for food is a benediction in disguise. And if we all had to dig for our food ere we could eat, fewer ailments would attack us. Let us learn a lesson from the reindeer, and be as little trouble as possible, and earn our bread, whether by hand or brain, or both, or specifically by brain or by hand, it matters not. Work is honourable, and idleness, where it is deliberate, is a disgrace. If a man does not sweat with work, he will sweat with disease.

The reindeer is the railway train and taxi of Lapland. When snow is plentiful and hard, he draws the sledge over the frozen water. But when the snow is too soft for the sleigh, the natives go on ski. That is, they skate on long hollow wooden skates, some of them six feet long, and thus they skim over the soft snow. But only one highly skilled in this branch of travel could make any progress. And to the uninitiated, the exercise would be extremely tiresome.

Some of my English readers will be wishing they were in Lapland to enjoy the exhilaration of ski-ing over the snows with an occasional fall, to the merriment of the party, and possibly a hearty snowballing. But unless in very



A LAPP HOME.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

fine weather, the pleasures of Lapland would be few indeed to the boys and girls from the sunnier South.

The people of the South may forget that there are wolves in Lapland, and that they have a great love for reindeer flesh. And the reindeer knows this and he does tremble when he hears the howl of the wolves at night, for he knows what it means. It means that a great pack of wolves may attack a village or a hut with its human and other objects of attraction. And so, many reindeers fall a prey to the ravenous wolf, which is always hungry and always on the prowl, panting and growling with wild eyes flashing and gleaming in the darkness. Many a time a sleighing party is attacked, and it has to make a desperate fight for life. My readers will be pleased to know that the wolf does not always get it his own way. Many a time he is beaten off with heavy losses. Yet the reindeer is often taken unawares and overcome by the ferocity of the brutal wolf. Many a story is told in the huts at night-time of the terrible encounters that people have had with the natural enemy of the reindeer. The Lapps do love their friend with the tall horns, and protect him to the best of

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their ability. And they spend much time and strength making their benefactor as comfortable as possible.

On specially hard Winters when the snow is very deep and frozen very hard, these animals cannot dig for their usual food as the heavy thick ice makes that impossible, and I am sorry to tell you that many of them die of starvation. But those that starve are generally those that live on the wilds in an undomesticated state.

Not infrequently great rocks fall in splinters on the roads and plains below. Some of those mountains are six thousand feet high. And you can easily imagine what destruction a fall of rock may work both on man and beast. The ice falls too in great blocks which may cover many unfortunate people. Not far from my native place, eighteen human beings and many animals were killed by a fall of ice.

What sufferings those people come through out of love to their native country. Many of those people have no idea of the happier conditions in the Southern climes, and would be so grateful for a share of the privileges that the rest of Europeans have from



WOLVES ATTACKING REINDEER.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

year to year, seemingly, without much gratitude.

But like every difficult place and circumstance, Lapland has its compensations. My readers must have heard of that wonderful sight—the Aurora Borealis—which means the Light of the North. This is a wonderful manifestation of the marvellous works of our Creator. This wonder is seen during the long dreary Winter of nine months, which reigns in Lapland. It is difficult to describe. Before the light begins to gleam, the sky in that region is a dark and dingy hue, and as it shimmers the light is generated. This appears in the shape of a kind of sunset of unequalled brilliance. Flashes of light rise, and like spears of lightning begin to operate and to perform in this wondrous show. As these great lights flash and shoot upwards and downwards, they tremble and palpitate with unearthly energy, and shine with colours varying from rose to violet green. The climax of these coruscations and dazzling performances of nature is what is termed the Borealis Crown. This Crown is formed by the base of the oblong area of the phenomenon, and develops a colour,

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

shape and majesty that defy the artist's brush, or the most effective pen, for sheer revelry in beauty and glittering grandeur, and sparkling magnificence. And anon, these brilliant crowns, segments, and spears of light fade away and leave the beholder in a disappointing original comparative darkness.

The cloud-capped towers and the gorgeous palaces do fade like the baseless fabric of a dream, leaving not a wrack behind. Yet the impression is left on the mind and it operates its own purpose in reminding us of the fleetingness of all earthly things, and the necessity of seeking something that hath foundations whose beauty is the beauty of the Lord our God and that satisfies the heart, as well as filling the eye of sense.

The Government has done a very great deal of late years to help the Laplander, in the matter of education. There are what are called Migratory Schools, because the schoolmaster goes round a district to teach the children who are compelled by the Government to attend as long as the schoolmaster is in the locality.



LAPP HERDSMEN.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

Schools have been built all over the country at the public expense for the benefit of the nomadic people who seem to lay great weight on the privilege of sending their children to the school. Much prejudice still remains against the schools for the supposed change of things, of old customs which those schools bring about. But many changes for the better are being wrought for the minds and bodies of the Laplanders.

Great credit is due to the school-master—Mr. Thomassen, of Hammerfest—who has done yeoman service in the interest of the school-children. And it is to be hoped that such men as he will not be forgotten in the days to come, as the greatest benefactors of our race are those who benefit the children.

I had a letter from Mr. Golding in the Spring of 1903, asking me if I would act as his interpreter on a proposed tour through Lapland, which he had planned. This I expressed my willingness to do. And so we started on our long journey from Christiania to Trondhjem by rail, and then by boat to Tromsø. From that place we took a course north-east by north, overland among the eternal snows and icy

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mountains of Lapland, and here about twenty miles north of the Arctic Circle, we came across the tents and huts of these poor Lapps living in that cold and desolate region. Truly, we found them in a sad condition with no Bible amongst them, and no missionary to teach them. Mr. Golding asked them how they would like to see, read, and understand the Bible. They expressed themselves very anxious to get all such help within the power of our people to send them. Thus, then and there, Mr. Golding promised to send on a consignment of Bibles as soon as possible. This transaction was the accomplishment of my desire for many a day, to see those people reached with the Gospel which I had believed and which I enjoyed and yearned to see others experience in their hearts, homes and communities.

In this way God opened up my way to speak to those precious souls in that far-off region so full of physical discomforts.

It may not be my way,
It may not be your way,
But in His own way.
The Lord will provide.



A CHILD ON A REINDEER'S BACK.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

Mr. Golding was surprised to find a people in Norway so needy and in such conditions as would have melted any Christian heart. Yet there were people training in Norway for foreign mission work, while their fellow-countrymen were perishing for lack of knowledge within a few hundreds of miles from those training centres. Of course the far-off fields look green, and it seems that the far-off fields of China and Africa seemed green and attractive, while the homeland with its golden opportunities looked barren, and unworthy of the exercise of cultivation, as it was here. But thank God for Mr. Golding's visit and its results for Lapland and for myself and the Glory of Jesus, my ever Glorious Lord and Master.

On returning from this visit it thrilled my soul and filled me with a sad pensiveness as I showed Mr. Golding the hut where I was born and where I lived, until I was twenty-five years old. It was situated near the Arctic Sea. All my life was visualised before my mind as I stood there on that spot. He would be a strange man whose soul would not be moved within him when revisiting the place of his birth, the very hut in which a man-

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child was born into a world full of sin and sorrow. I had my own thoughts whatever the thoughts of my companion were on that subject.

And indeed it was appropriate that I should visit that place on this occasion, for as I returned to Christiania I made up my mind to devote myself to the needs of my fellows in the north of our country.

This decision was such that I have never regretted it for one moment. And I can now see how and why God shut the door to China against me in the earlier years of my life.

But the next trouble was the provision of Bibles in the Lapp's own language. On enquiry no such thing could be found in Norway as a Bible in the Laplander's tongue. Further enquiry was made and what a revelation it was to us to find that not even in London could there be found a Lapp Bible, nor could any better news be got from Stockholm, in Sweden. No Bibles! Here was a sad state of affairs! And the need of the Laplanders seemed to grow upon us the more we studied it. The need grew with our intelligence of the state of the people, and the



HOUSE WHERE MR. WANGBERG WAS BORN, APRIL 26TH, 1867.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

neglect which had been shown towards them.

I was prepared to go up North among the Lapps at the close of the Winter, and to study their language with a view to the production of a Lapp Bible. I commenced my journey in the Spring and made my way to Tromso. And here a great surprise awaited me. No Bibles in Norway or Sweden, nor even in London—the metropolis of literature—and the home of the great Bible Society. What joy came to my soul when I discovered some Bibles in the Lappish language, here in this out of the way place, Tromso. This was worth more to me than a gold mine or a diamond mine.

Truly I found God's Word to be the joy and rejoicing of my heart. More to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold.

But how came the books to be here? This was my question and the answer was stranger still than the discovery of the books. This translation came about in a remarkable way. A Lapp youth had been imprisoned with some other men for murder. On account of the youth of this person, his life was preserved and he was sentenced to

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

penal servitude for life, the rest suffering the full penalty of the law.

The youth behaved so well that he was liberated on the expiry of fifteen years of his sentence. The reason was that in the meantime he had been converted to God, and so great was the change and so saintly his life, that on representation being made to the King on his behalf he was set free to his great joy and satisfaction.

On being set free he set himself to translate the Norwegian Bible into the tongue of his nativity. This he took twenty-eight years to accomplish. The great work of this man was afterwards revised by two authorities on the subject, and then it was printed in the year 1895.

A year before this happened, I had no idea of any such book having an existence, yet here it was, and produced in the most remarkable circumstances of which I ever heard.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

43290

Lincoln Christian College



A SAVED MURDERER.

• Translated the Bible in Fifteen Years.
Now "A good man and full of the Holy Ghost."

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His Works in vain,
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

Yes, here I discovered this monument of the great painstaking industry of an at one time criminal. Some one has said that the Church stands or falls by the doctrine of conversion. Let us pray for conversions, watch for them and work for them.

I bought all the books my money could pay for on the spot. The number of Bibles which I purchased was five hundred, and in addition six hundred and fifty New Testaments.

In the year 1903, when Mr. Golding came over to visit Lapland, he visited in my company many parts of Lowland Norway, and delivered fifty-two addresses for which I acted as interpreter. I am sure that many still thank God for that visit of His servant to Norway. I am thankful for that visit because it meant the foundation of the Lapp Bible Mission. And the visit meant the leading of God in what has been my life work, for which God by birth and upbringing, and above all, by grace, fitted me. I think that I can humbly say so to God's glory and praise.

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And certainly in regard to the remarkable way in which the Lapp Bible was produced in the language of the natives, there is a wonderful proof of the promise. "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it" Isa. lv. and 11.

Those of the Lapps who have been converted are showing signs of spiritual life and power. And what can be compared to seeing what was at one time a mere possibility ripen into actuality, the dormant, if not dead, rising to walk in newness of life? None but Satan could rejoice at the backwardness and lost condition of a human soul. And none but Satan's agents could fail to be glad to see light springing up amid spiritual darkness. Those who sat in darkness have seen a great light, and that light is Jesus, who can turn the shadow of death into the light of morning.

This great work is of God and the operation of the Holy Spirit alone can do this for any of us. "Unto the upright there ariseth a light in the darkness" Psalm cxii. and 4.



A LAPP MOTHER WITH HER CHILD.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

How delightful it is to know that God has put no difference between us and the Jews, His chosen people, "purifying their hearts by faith" Acts xv. and 9.

May I say how grateful my dear wife and I have been for the sweet fellowship we have had with the Lord's people in England, for so many years. My first experience of this wonderful privilege was on the occasion of my first visit to learn the English language. And ever since then I have had fellowship, both in my soul and in my work with God's dear people, who have been of great help to me in my work in their prayer-like and Christian friendship, which is one of God's greatest gifts. I am sure it is; for the mark of a Christian is that he is on friendly, and even on loving terms with other Christians. Does Jesus not say, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another?" What a chance we all have to shine here, not by eloquence, or even by apostolic gifts, but simply by the using and exercising the greatest of all gifts, the gift of Christian love and kindness and generous feeling and affection for one another.

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I do thank God for all His people and their Heavenly fellowship both in my trials and triumphs. Indeed the love of Christ in His people for one another is really sweeter in times of trial and sorrow, as I know by experience. Long may God's people love one another!

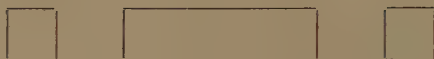
John, the beloved disciple, could say nothing better to his people to whom he wrote and as he wrote for us, than simply, "Little Children, love one another."

No! and if the wisest Christian in the world to-day could condense all his wisdom into one sentence he could not improve on that saying, "Love one another."

We can afford to let many things die among Christians, but we cannot afford to let love die.

Difference of opinion may prevail on many points of doctrine which are not really fundamental to salvation. But love must live and must be preserved at all costs, sometimes at the cost of prejudices that might be dear to us.

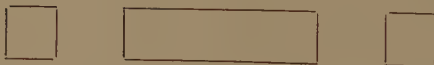
**EVANGELISTIC WORK AMONGST
THE LAPPS.**



And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after Me,
and I will make you to become fishers of men.
Mark 1, 17.



*In simple trust like those who heard,
Beside the Syrian Sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us like them without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.*



CHAPTER III.

THE work among the Lapps has several branches. For instances, there have been built two Orphanages as well as a school for Lapp children. These are supported by voluntary contributions. There are hospitals for lepers, and also Consumptive Homes. The white scourge of consumption is making great ravages among those poor people. No doubt, the bad sleeping accommodation has much to do with the origin and increase of the disease. It matters not how pure the air a man may breathe during the day, a night spent in unhealthy quarters, breathing fetid and poisoned air, vitiated by the all-night breathing of many human beings, and in some cases that of lower animals, will nullify all the good effects of the fresh air of the day.

The sleeping conditions of children should be well looked after. The danger lies in the lack of fresh air getting ingress and egress during the

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

sleeping hours. If any one doubts this he should try the experiment of visiting a house or a room in the morning where several people have been sleeping during the night, and the stench of evil-smelling air will be a revelation to him.

So, with all my heart and might and brain, and above all, Christian love and affection for the welfare of my people and all people, I appeal to all whom it may concern, to work for a great reformation in the matter of sleeping quarters.

Doubtless this raises the whole question of housing, yet in small houses a great deal can be done to fight this scourge of consumption by keeping the windows open a little. Such a simple practice will work wonders. For it will make sleep more refreshing, more satisfying, and certainly more healthy. Cold houses are healthier than warm ones. Sometimes family tradition is difficult to get over. I have a friend who remembers visiting a family whose members had suffered from consumption. This family in question were very respectable and comfortable. But it was manifest that there was something wrong in the atmosphere every time my friend visited that home.



AN ORPHAN BOY FROM ORPHANAGE.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

The living room was heavily laden with a peculiar musty flavour. The rooms were all too plentifully supplied with curtains. Curtains were at the door, at the windows, screens were unfolded in the middle of the rooms.

My friend was quite convinced that this life-long aversion to fresh air, even in a cleanly home, was most dangerous and thoroughly bad. Too much curtain, too much carpet, too much hanging and paraphernalia about windows and you will have too little fresh air. The wealth is not in the curtains, but in the fresh air.

Friends will excuse this seeming digression, but I trust that this matter of sleeping accommodation will be attended to by all my fellow-countrymen who love the welfare of their fellows. Watch your sleeping conditions and fight this great scourge of consumption.

The National Church has been doing a great deal of good among the Lapps, for which we greatly rejoice. The Presbyterian Church has also been taking a deep interest in the good work for some years. The only use I see in the various denominations, is the grand opportunity of a rivalry of love which

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our differences afford. Which of us can do most for Jesus? This should be the cry of every body of Christian people. I do not think God is much interested in denominations except in so far as He has His true people in them all. And the fact that God is pleased to dwell in any heart that will make room for Him, in any denomination, should lessen our antipathy to any church. Yet that should not lessen our hatred to error and superstition wherever we find it.

One devoted servant of God lost his life some years ago. He was returning from a preaching tour among the Lapps, and was drowned in the river Tana, at the early age of twenty-three, leaving a wife and two children to mourn his loss.

Some Lapp children have been brought to an orphanage in Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world, which has a population of 2,500. So that the good work grows.

I should like to mention the name of a fine English missionary and his wife, who have done great service in the Northern regions for God and humanity.



MR. ARMISTEAD AND FAMILY.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

I refer to Mr. J. J. Armistead, who is a member of the Society of Friends. On board a boat called the "Red Cross," these friends have been doing a great work for the last twenty years, out and in the islands of the lonely Arctic Circle where many isolated groups of people live far from the sound of the Gospel or even medical aid. Happily these valiant soldiers of the Cross can not only preach the Gospel in the Norwegian tongue, but they can give medical treatment wherever necessary, and much substantial material help is to their credit wherever they go, and that is saying much for they seem to go everywhere and live for months on end on their faithful "Red Cross."

Many Mission Halls are maintained by the help of these English friends.

The fact that these saints of God having left their home comforts in England, voluntarily devote their time and substance to the welfare of the people in this region has been very influential and impressive, and gives them much favour with the people. They have their headquarters in a place called Fjölvikén in Naindalen, where they conduct an hospital for the sick, which,

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needless to say, has proved a mighty blessing to many.

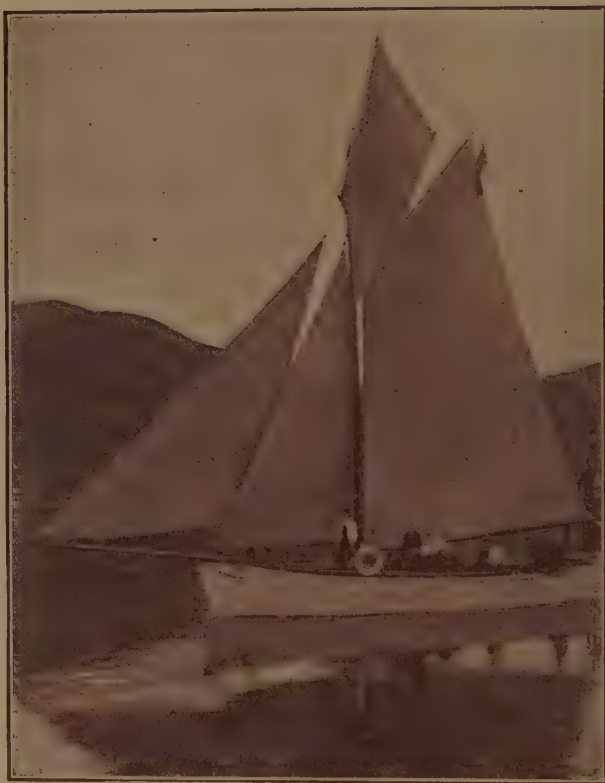
Many a time I have had the pleasure of sailing in the "Red Cross" with our fellow-labourers in the Gospel, as they scoured the seas among those islands, and I have taken part in their services while on my way to Lapland.

Long may their bow abide in strength.

There is a gentleman in England who is worthy of note in passing, that is the Rev. Francis C. Brading, B.D., who is the Secretary of the Scripture Gift Mission. This Society has printed many portions of the New Testament in the Lapp tongue, and these have been keenly appreciated.

The illustrations in those printed portions of Scripture are very beautiful, and the natives are very fond of them, and the pictures are a constant source of delight. So that the ear and eye are being attended to that the seed might be sown in the hearts of those people. May it spring up into everlasting life!

We have strange difficulties to meet in Lapland, and one of them is a sect called "The Loestadians," who believe that they are the only people who are going to Heaven. This class of people,



MR. ARMISTEAD'S GOSPEL SHIP.

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I believe, are to be found everywhere. I mean those people who imagine that they themselves are right and all others wrong. They will listen to no preachers but their own, who, they believe, among all preachers, have the Holy Spirit.

Penitents are said to be true when, in confession before the people and the preachers, they make a loud weeping noise, with strange and wild gesticulations, and in general behave like people bereft of reason.

But I understand by what I have seen and heard in my travels that these extravagant sects are to be found everywhere and especially where there is a good work of Grace going on. And in all ages of the Church, such extraordinary manifestations have been a constant perplexity to Christian people.

The penitent, after the approved indecorous behaviour, is led into the midst of the gathering, whereupon, the preacher putting his hands round the penitent's neck, in a solemn tone pronounces the forgiveness of sins to the sinner.

In the form there may be a slight difference, but in the substance you

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have the same old need for forgiveness of sin, and the feeling and despair of that supreme need of the soul, and then the man who says that he can forgive sin is a very old element in this tragedy. And men dig themselves into the weaknesses of their fellow creatures, indulge their superstitions, and thus exist on the flattery and honour, derivable from power which God alone can exercise. "Will a man rob God?" Of course he will! And the preacher or priest who stands where Jesus alone should stand is robbing God all the time.

These ceremonies are carried out in the name of the "Triune God." Those particular people hold no services in Summer, but all through the long Winter they do. This practice is suggestive of a love of darkness rather than light. All that those people need is the Gospel Light. And this suggests to us the great need of adhering to the Word of God to correct us and to keep us from the pit-falls which Satan has ready for all who do not take heed to themselves and to their doctrines. "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word there is no light in them." Isa. viii. and 20.



A LAPP SOOTHSAYER.

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The children of the Lapps have no regard for their old people. This is a great test of a man's religion; his regard for his parents and especially his aged parents.

It is a common sight to see old people cast off and depending upon the charity of others for their maintenance; to be cast on the mercies of the world in old age is an awful condition.

In my childhood, how often I have seen the aged and infirm coming to our home for a night's shelter and a little food. And they got it. And enveloped in skins of animals and rags they lay all night on the floor, before the great fire which was kept burning in the cold nights.

But the Scandinavians of all the churches are doing much to relieve distress and making the lot of those poor people as happy as possible.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matt. xxv. and 31-46.

It is a privilege to belong to the National Church in Norway, as many benefits accrue to such a connection—privileges in regard to land tenure, and such things as are possessed by subjects

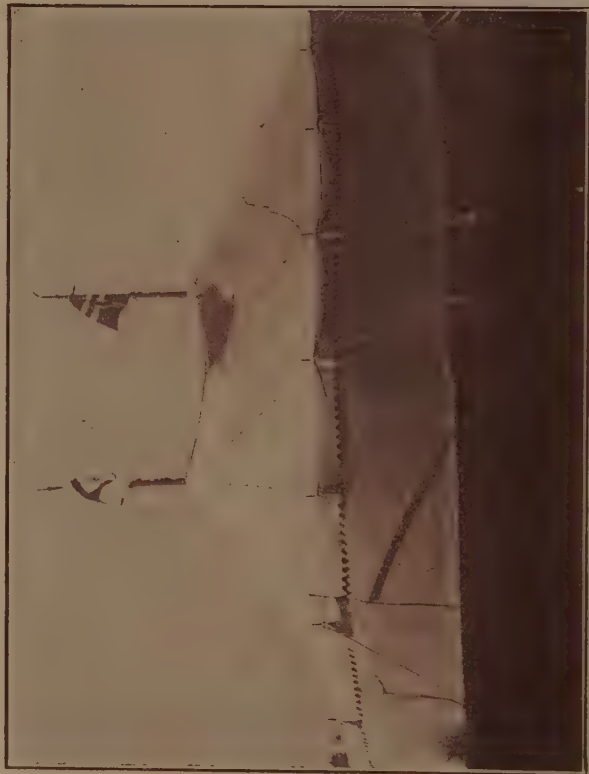
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of the Norwegian realm. Considerable murmuring has been induced on the occasion of many Finns having come into the country since the War, as those Finns are foreigners. Yet because they belong to the same church as the Norwegians, they enjoy almost as many privileges as the natives themselves. It is natural that the natives feel a little sore at these easily acquired benefits by people who are really foreigners, but who in this particular way evade the law in their own favour by a church connection.

But our citizenship is in Heaven.

And none but the blood-washed and redeemed can enjoy its privileges. For we are no longer strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with saints and the household of God. Our inheritance is secure and incorruptible and it does not fade away, nor does a stranger intermeddle with it.

It seems a small thing to mention this matter, yet it will have its bearings on public questions and on questions of religion, too. "That there be no complainings in our streets" is a grand ideal to hold before the people. And it behoves every true citizen of any state to remove every cause of complaint,



MR. WANGBERG'S GOSPEL TENT.

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provided the complaint is on a just ground. Many people live to complain. Yet everything that offends a sense of justice should be removed, as it cannot help, but will hinder the peace and happiness of all concerned.

Our joy should consist in God's will and not our own. And we have many experiences that indicate and demonstrate this truth.

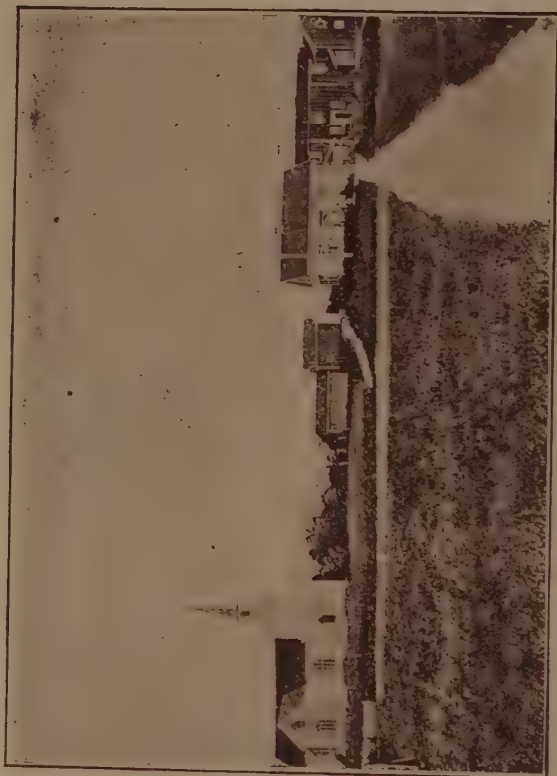
We were greatly gladdened ten years ago by the gift of a tent for carrying on work among the Lapps in the open air in the Summertime. There was a real need for a tent to shelter us at times from the cold winds and rains that come to us in Lapland even in Summer. God touched the hearts of some friends in America and so there was sent on a large tent capable of holding several hundreds of people. As it came to us a little before the great and terrible War, we had shelter in it many a time when the soldiers were suffering excruciating pain, and hardships in the trenches on all the battle fronts. And I should say for the encouragement of the dear children of God everywhere that we never did once ask for a penny for this purpose. The tent was made a special matter of prayer and God

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answered the prayer and sent the tent, and there it stands a monument to our prayer-answering God.

We have had ten seasons of the tent, and pitched in ten different places, and we can truly say that it is the tent which of all tents is nearest to the North Pole. And it must be gratifying to the friends who sent the tent to know this. For it is a great honour to have a hand in such a work, and it is a peculiar honour to place the Gospel as near the North Pole as possible.

In the great day when the Lord shall make up His jewels, it will be greater to have led souls to Christ at the North Pole or in the Arctic region, than to have discovered the Pole itself. To have discovered the North Pole were a great honour, yet an empty one withal. But to tread the eternal snows to make known eternal life is an honour full and filling and satisfying to all in Heaven and on earth, who know Jesus our Lord who is the Light of the Dark places of the earth, and to make its coldest corner warm with His redeeming love, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost. And oh, if people of means and yet without the Lord Jesus only knew how delightful it is to give to God and to live



CHAPEL WHERE MR. WANGBERG PREACHED.

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for God and the extension of the Kingdom of God! a kingdom of love and holiness and peace! I am glad to be able to state that in every place where the tent was pitched there were Lapps or Norwegians converted to Jesus and were enabled to confess their faith openly before men. We preached repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, and we believe that wherever Jesus Christ and Him crucified is faithfully preached signs will follow with the unmistakable token of the working of the Holy Spirit.

So it remains for us to shine for Jesus Christ all the time.

Others will see our good work and see our song as they saw David's song, and shall fear and trust in the Lord. Time is so short and opportunities are fleeting and passing! Our chance will soon be over for winning souls for Jesus Christ and we shall never have another. So wake up! Wake, Oh Christian brothers and sisters and keep awake, alive and alert, for the golden opportunity which is throbbing about you.

Whilst among the Lapps in the work of the Lord, I was granted permission

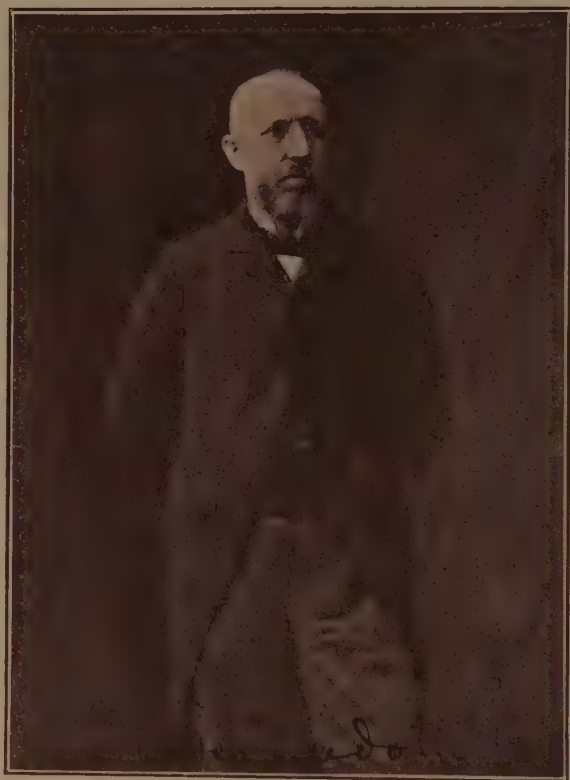
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by the King to preach the Gospel in the State Churches in Norwegian Lapland.

This indeed is a great honour and privilege which I prize very highly and I have often availed myself of it, in those regions of my toils and scenes of my labours.

The privilege was all the more keenly appreciated, since it was an unusual thing for a dissenter to be seen in a State Church pulpit. Yet I can see the guiding hand of my ever present Saviour in the matter. He opened the door of my privilege. Oh, for grace to make the most possible of it. The privilege is one thing; the duty is the other. And if anything the duty arising out of every privilege is more difficult to do than is the finding of an opportunity.

And I am certain of this that every tree in the Garden of Eden bore fruit after its own kind, and it seems to me that opportunities taken advantage of will bear other opportunities. And opportunities neglected will also bear fruit after their unfortunate kind. So let us weigh our present opportunities. For the use we put our present ones to will determine our future ones. This is a



PRINCE O. BERNADOTTE,
The Preaching Prince.

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solemn thought! How true the
words:—

There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by.
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by.
Oh! this world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes,
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.

All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by.
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep your heart aglow,
While the days are going by.

While thinking of our beloved Norwegian King and Queen, it occurs to me to tell my readers that while in London in 1919, it occurred to me that it being the 26th November, the Queen's Birthday, I ought to send a letter of congratulation to her on her fiftieth birthday. This I did, praying that God would bless her. To my great astonishment I received that very evening a telegram from Sandringham Palace, containing the message: "A

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thousand thanks for good wishes. Maud."

The explanation being that Queen Maud was in England at the same time as myself. My beloved King also very kindly acknowledged my letter of congratulations, on his attaining his fiftieth birthday on 3rd August, 1920.

God save our King,
And our Queen.

Thinking of our Royal friends, reminds me also of my first meeting with Prince Bernadotte, of Sweden, who has been preaching the Gospel for over thirty years throughout the Scandinavian countries even up North among the Swedish Laplanders. I heard this preacher Prince declare the Gospel to a vast congregation from all the ends of the earth at a great Convention in Christiania, Norway. There were people from all parts of the world present. He was President of the world-wide and international Christian Association that year. As that Prince told of his conversion there was scarcely a dry eye in the place, as the great audience hung on his words.

This Prince very heartily shook my hand and spoke words of cheer con-



THE PRINCE EXPLAINING THE SCRIPTURES.

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cerning my uphill work in Norwegian Lapland.

In 1906 he acknowledged receipt of some copies of the Gospel according to Matthew, in the Swedish Lapland tongue, which I had sent from London.

It is a remarkable sight to see a Prince of the reigning dynasty preaching the Gospel. But why should it be so uncommon? Yet it is very uncommon. The fact is not very complimentary to the nobility of all lands. Yet it might well be that the position of such people carries with it a restraint that no other station in life does. Yet the palace has produced many preachers, and it has not been without its prophets. Daniel and David and Isaiah and many others were of Royal connection and status.

May the Prince of Sweden long remain to glorify Jesus in all his opportunities for service.

That was an interesting experience that came to me on 26th February, 1915, when I had the honour of an interview with the King himself in his Royal Palace at Christiania. The interview was very impressive, as the King asked me about my work and how long I had been at it. He showed

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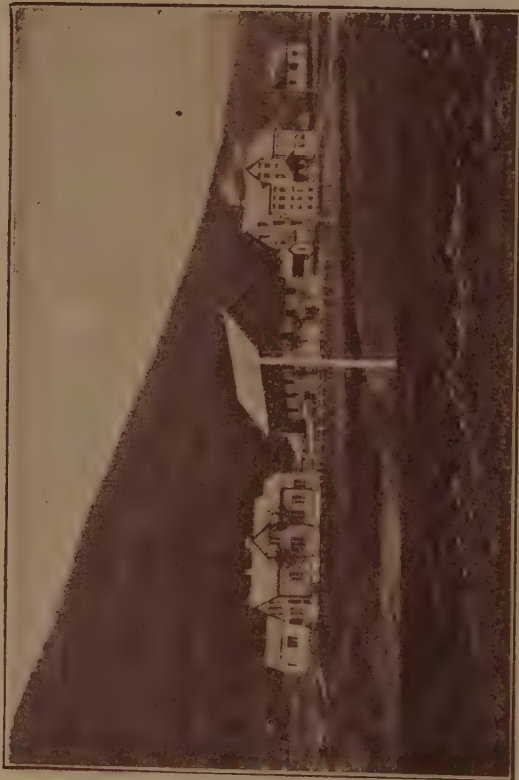
a kindly sympathetic interest in the work, and as he had visited Lapland both in Summer and Winter, he was a most intelligent conversationalist on the subject of Lapland and its great need. I took the great liberty of telling how I had been born and bred in the Arctic regions, and how that I had been converted and led out for service among my own people.

His Majesty caused to be refunded to me a sum of ten pounds of taxation imposed for the pitching of my tent, and he also granted a free site wherever I pitched it in future.

In addition to this he gave me permission to preach in all churches and chapels of the State in the region where my duties lie.

It was also my great privilege to meet with Lord Radstock, who took a deep interest in the kind of work in which I was spending my life for Jesus. How God raised up friends for me! Truly the Lord hath done great things for me whereof I am glad.

But most of my friends are poor people, whose fellowship I have enjoyed and whose prayers and sympathy I laid great store by, as I feel the strength derived from the



A TYPICAL SCENE IN LAPLAND.

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friendship and love of God's believing people. But we are all one in Christ Jesus. Rich and poor, learned and unlearned, east and west, north and south, are all alike to Him whose we are and whom we serve.

The special vice of all Northern peoples is that of strong drink. And Norway has been dealing with this question for many years. And it has set the example to other countries and has made it so difficult to obtain supplies of drink that many prefer to do without the intoxicating cup altogether. The very agitation that has been going on since the U.S.A. adopted prohibition, just shows how this subject has been engaging public attention. There is a stiff fight before all movements for moral elevation and the courage of a Daniel is needed to-day in this matter, all over the world. But it remains that Norway gave a great lead to the world in these matters, for which I am thankful to God.

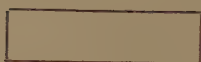
And in this connection it is noteworthy that the city of Gothenburg has given its name to a licensing system that has gained a world-wide fame.

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This system was begun in 1865, and its peculiarity is that the authorities let out the trade of strong drink to a company which is allowed to earn five per cent. on its capital, the rest of the proceeds going into the public exchequer. This was a great experiment, but to-day it is not thought a helpful system because it makes drink profitable to the community and human greed will always put policy before principle, and so drink gets entrenched and remains a brick in the Municipal Wall.

The trend of thought all over the world is to prohibit the manufacture and sale of drink altogether. The U.S.A. enforcement of prohibition is one of the greatest, bravest, and most determined efforts to grapple with a social evil that the world has ever witnessed. Every success to it!

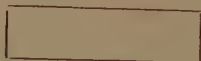
**A TOUR THROUGH RUSSIA
WITH THE GOSPEL.**



And ye know that all things work together
for good to them that love God, to them who
are the called according to His purpose.
Romans 8, 28.



*With patient mind thy course of duty run,
God never does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do thyself if thou couldst see,
The end of all events as well as He.*



CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE the Great War of 1914, I got passports enabling me to visit Russian Lapland on two occasions. In this matter I was greatly helped by the Trinitarian Bible Society and the Scripture Gift Mission, supplying me with thousands of copies of the New Testament in Finnish and Russian. At an interval of many years, my gratitude is still warm and keen.

I found many Russians unable to read or write their own language, yet those who could read gratefully received the precious Word of God.

The Church is the finest garden in the world; but it has its weeds, and weeds in such a garden smell rankest, and are certainly the deadliest. There is a mixed multitude who cannot be certified as Christians either in doctrine or practice. I am safe in saying that I would not certify some of them as good heathen. You will find them in every church. But there is safety in numbers,

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and numbers keep in check the cantankerous and cancel their influence. But in the weaker churches, the weed gets his chance, as he gets plenty of space, and flourishes and fattens on the pastures, which he monopolises to himself. The weed is generally like the poppy, there is dope in him, and however wicked his practices may be, the people still believe in him. Although he is capable of much mischief, and produces his exact quota, and has something to spare of that commodity, he would need to do something of the most ludicrously glaring type before the doped people would consent to his condemnation. This makes the situation exceedingly vexing, and all the more is this the case when it is heard from good friendly kind-hearted people that the weed is "a nice man." This is the most painful situation, that the weed is successful in his scheme of flattery and low cunning.

But is this not so in every drama of life? Is the villain not irritatingly successful until it is almost too late to satisfy the instinct for retribution, that has been stirred during the unfolding of the play, an instinct so often and so



A LAPP ROCK IDOL.

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bitterly disappointed? How true to life is the experience of our Lord! Judas Iscariot betrays Him. This is the best evidence of the truth of the Gospel story. True, Jesus rose again! But the tragedy was enacted.

What are we to do? Do what Jesus did. Be content to suffer for His sake. When we are at suffering point we are just beginning to be of most use to God and the cause to which we have devoted our body, soul and spirit.

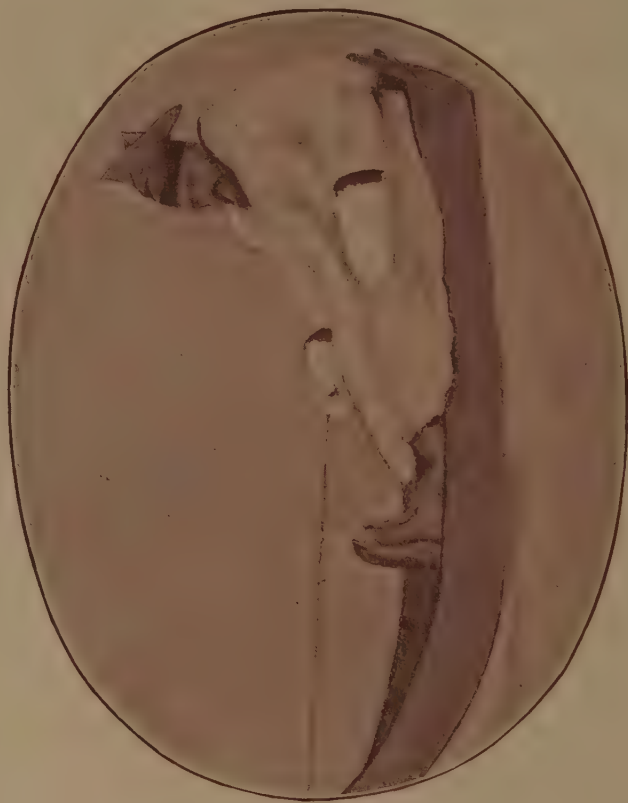
While I was on this tour I had a strange experience in my visit to a monastery. I spent three days there. And all the time I was present I had the feeling that I was risking my life. There is nothing so cruel as untempered religious zeal, without the light of the Gospel. A man full of religious zeal and without grace is generally biggoted, dogmatic, intolerant and truculent. This I knew and felt that it was taking no little risk to put myself in the power of these men, many of whom, if not all of whom had never seen a Bible, had never read the sweet words of the Lord Jesus, as recorded in Matt. v. or Matt. xi. 28. Think of the state of your mind if you can conceive yourself ignorant of the Holy Scriptures ! What a blank in

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one's life to be without those lovely sweet words of wisdom, salvation and comfort ! Think of the equipment of the average man in Bible hating hands. There is the dreadful doctrine either taught, or the tradition received, or the superstition encouraged that the Bible is a Protestant book that produces heretics, and is dangerous for ordinary Christians to read. And so Tyndale was right when he said that by putting the Bible into the hands of the people, he would make the ploughboy more intelligent concerning the Scriptures than the ignorant priest.

To teach the people that a few short prayers, the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer, are a sufficient equipment for the battle of life and the good fight of faith, is surely matter for pity and regret, while there is such a wealth of wisdom and light and comfort and grace in the Holy Word of God.

Then these awful practices of the worship of images and crucifixes, and the bowing down before statues of this Saint and the other Saint and the Virgin ; these practices come between Jesus and the people. They stand in the way and in the light. What a



MR. WANGBERG DRIVING IN HIS REINDEER SLEDGE.

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chance those priests in Russia and elsewhere have had to point the people to Jesus, yet they have not pointed them beyond the crucifix, the Virgin and the hundred and one saints, whose bones and relics are matter for worship too. All these things are hindrances to the knowledge of God and Jesus whom He has sent. What a poor religious apparatus have those who have no Bible!

What should I do without Job, in my afflictions, or David in my discouragement, or John xiv in my bereavements, or 1st Cor. in my future prospects, or the 2nd of Acts in my Christian work among a needy people.

Then how helpless those must be who know not the blessings of an open Bible, and its counsels and promises, and warnings, its guidance and its strength-giving words!

“Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” Matt. iv. 4. “The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.” John vi. 63. “He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.” John v. 24.

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Think of the crime of depriving the sons of men of the benefits of such a knowledge so full of salvation and spiritual satisfaction, and to feed or try to feed the human soul on the husks of the scraps of spiritual knowledge discernible from the stray phrases of Scriptures which occur here and there in a Prayer Book, and even that, it might be in a foreign tongue.

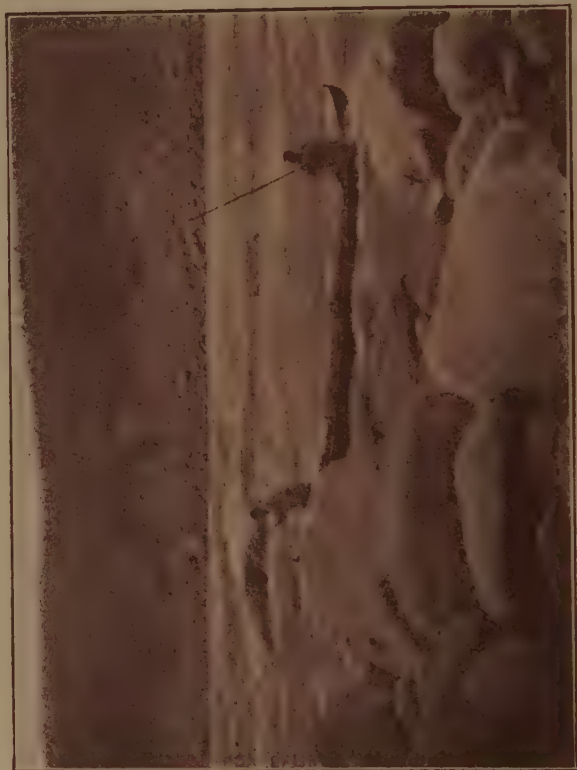
“The entrance of thy words giveth light.” Psalm cxix. 130.

Well might we sing the hymn:—

Oh, soon may the heathen,
Of every tribe and nation,
Fulfil Thy blessed Word,
And cast their idols all away,
Oh, shine upon them from above,
And show Thyself a God of Love.
Teach the little children,
To come unto Thee.

I preached the glorious Gospel through an interpreter to the inmates of that sad Institution, and I managed to persuade one of those Monks to receive a copy of the Gospel according to John.

It may be that in ancient times places of retreat were required for study in quiet, when there was so much violence in the world. But what can those



TRAVELLING BY BOAT ON RIVER TANIER.

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places stand for now? Whether they be Bhuddist Monasteries, or Russian, or Roman, what purpose do they serve, but to encourage a life of self-reproach, and a senseless waste of time, and talent, when the need is so great for the propagation of the Gospel?

Truly Russia is in a poor state, and there is a great need for the preaching of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour in clear and unmistakable tones and terms, so that the dullest mind may understand and know the joyful sound, and walk in the light of the countenance of the Lord. May God hasten the day when God shall be exalted, and the stocks and stones removed from the place that Jesus should occupy.

“God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth.” John iv. 24.

I came away from that Monastery with a sore heart, to think that such gross darkness envelops so much that is called Christianity. But I know things are changing in Russia, and that multitudes are being converted and being brought into the light of a scriptural Gospel, and free from the embellishments of Heathenism. It is estimated that before the Great War,

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about half-a-million people in Russia were professors and possessors of Christ's Salvation. I understand that since the War, and in spite of Bolshevik persecution, that number has increased to over ten millions. To God be the glory! Hallelujah!

My work is not without its interest, even in its geography. None but the dullest could pass through these regions without food for thought, sights to strike the imagination, and scenes that beggar description. My tour across the Murman Kola Peninsula towards Archangel would make a "Globe Trotter" green with envy. Here is a vast treeless region, where only moss and the lichen can grow, and growing so close to the surface of the earth, that these escape the violence of the fierce biting winds, that make arboreal growth in these regions impossible. Everything, even plant life, finds it hard to live there. The continual intense cold not only paralyses the limbs at times, but really discourages the bravest soul as he traverses these vast wastes, the loneliness, the utter helplessness of the human being in the grip of an almost eternal Winter, depressing the spirit to a degree that makes it positively dan-



A CAMP ON THE MOUNTAINS.

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gerous for oneself to be much alone, if alone at any time. Yet it may surprise my readers to know that Norway has a mild Winter, although a cool Summer, the reason being that the warm streams from the Atlantic drift current, and the mild westerly winds the severity of the Winter. The interior of Norway has a short warm Summer and a long cold Winter. But for those warm Atlantic Streams, the Fjords and the whole coast line of Western Norway would be blocked with ice. And so the people of the West Coasts of Norway owe their commerce and their very lives to these genial streams from more Southern American climes. Moreover, the interior of Norway has a Winter of 200 days and a short Summer plagued with mosquitoes.

From the crest of the Ava Saxa, overlooking the Tornea Valley, near the Arctic Circle, the sun may be seen between June 16th and 30th, describing complete circuits in the heavens. Thus the sun does not lessen its power in the night, its heat accumulates, and hence the Summers are very short and hot.

At the mouth of the Tornea, which is the boundary between Sweden and Russia, the longest day is one of 72

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hours. And in the middle of Summer there is practically no night for four weeks.

To strangers in these parts, the conditions in Summer are very perplexing.

A ship's crew had great amusement at the expense of some cocks and hens which they had on board. The hens and cocks did not seem to find their bearings at all. The cocks were crowing at all hours of the day and night, the absence of the darkness making the situation so irritating and puzzling that one of them went mad and jumped overboard.

Contrast the midnight sun with the Winter conditions for eight long months, when the land is filled with a semi-darkness, which means that the people are living in a twilight for two-thirds of the year. And for two months the sun does not rise above the horizon.

When the snow is falling during the Winter time, the days are quite dark, inducing a sad and even melancholy feeling on one's whole being. The work of travelling about these snow and ice-clad mountains in Lapland is not very enticing, although in Summer many tourists visit that country, especially



TOURIST PARTY IN LAPLAND.

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along the coasts, some even visiting the Lapps.

The Swedish Lapps had the Bible about one hundred years before the Norwegian Lapps. In my work I had the joy of baptising my first Lapp in one of the beautiful lakes of that land. He is standing by me in the picture. This was in 1910. Fruits had been manifest some years before the baptism of this brother.

There are about thirty orphans in an orphanage in the North of Lapland. How glad they are when they look out of the windows and see the big man, your humble servant, approaching the door with a great pack on his back full of the comforts of life for his little friendless children.

We feed their bodies and minds, but we do not neglect their souls, and so I have taught those children many hymns to sing daily, and I have given them the New Testament to read. May God bless them! Amen, and amen!

How sweet is this work because it is the work of Jesus who sweetens everything, even hard work, and amid depressing conditions. Praise the Lord!

As well as baptising the converts, we teach them to "observe all things" to

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the best of our ability. I have baptized hundreds. But no greater joy did I experience than when we broke bread in remembrance of the Lord's death till He come.

We were holding a special series of meetings in our tent in the summer of 1919. There were some converted Lapps there who wished to know more about Jesus and His Love and Word. Those Lapps were deeply interested and asking questions and discussing many things of spiritual interest, and the feeling that we should have heart-to-heart talks on the deepest things intensified our interest and "did not our hearts burn within us as He talked with us by the way?"

We broke bread and we took the cup. And the Lord Jesus was manifestly set forth amongst us that day in unforgettable fashion. Faith was strengthened, spirituality deepened, and the tone of our lives was elevated. That was a great day in the community. The Leader in that company was a Lapp school-master and a faithful servant of the Saviour, and a constant succourer of many. May the Lord reward him.

It may interest my readers to know the number of Lapps in these regions.



MR. D. MORENTSON.
Converted Schoolmaster, Lapland Mountains.

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In Norwegian Lapland there are 20,000. In Swedish Lapland there are between seven and eight thousand, and in the Russian Kola Peninsula and Finland, the north side of the Arctic Circle, there are about 3,000 all told. Roughly we have a population of 30,000 Lapps in the northern parts of the world. Very few, if any, ever emigrate to other lands. Some Lapps appear here and there in Exhibitions, such as that held in Glasgow in 1911, when a small colony of Lapps were present.

The reindeer is a great gift of God to the Lapps. This animal used to be more commonly distributed in Northern Europe than at present; indeed up till the 13th century the reindeer was common in the County of Caithness, Scotland, and even further south. This might be accounted for by the occupation of Caithness and the Hebrides and Orkneys by the Norwegians long ago. And it might be that the reindeer disappeared from the North of Britain with the disappearing Norwegians. This useful and domesticated animal of Lapland varies in size. The wild ones are much larger than those domesticated. And the domesticated type vary in size,

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for the Siberian domesticated reindeer is much larger than that of Lapland.

The fact that both male and female develop antlers make them distinct from all others of the deer kind. And there the reindeer of both sexes cast their antlers, just as birds cast their feathers. The male casts his as early as November, the female somewhat later in the year, so that while the Lapp has not a harvest of golden grain, he has verily a harvest of golden horns as they are golden in value to him. All kinds of ornaments can be made out of the horns. But these are sold for ornamental purposes, such as hall-stand ornaments, hat-racks, and drawing room bric-a-brac. Useful articles can be made for themselves such as spoons and other household handy articles. The skin and even the bones of this fine animal are all of most profitable use to the Lapp, and it would surprise the stranger to know how many uses to which this friend of the Lapp can be put.

During the Summer the reindeer feeds on twigs and leaves of birch trees, etc., but in Winter he is limited to his beloved moss, which grows about two inches high. This, as we have seen, he finds far beneath the snow. On Winter days.



MR. WANGBERG AND CHRISTIAN LAPLANDER.

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the herds go towards the lowlands and in Summer they find their way to the mountains. Thus they escape the annoying attentions of Summer flies.

An instinctive love for the moss is equalled with an intense thirst for the sea, and our friend the reindeer makes for the sea down from the mountains, and as the herd moves gradually and instinctively towards the water of the Fjords quicker and quicker the pace is mended, and the walk becomes a trot and the trot develops into a wild gallop urged by the pangs of a thirst that can only be quenched in the sea-bath. Woe betide the reindeer that falls in that mad rush, for he is trampled to death. But the herd reach the sea, taste the water and swim for the nearest island, there to browse and drowse during the Summer, or move to another island as they feel inclined. Heavily built as the reindeer is, he can maintain a trot for ten miles an hour for long, and draw a load of two hundred pounds over and above the sledge. The milk of these animals is of an excellent quality. What the palm tree is to the Arab the reindeer is to the Lapp. It is said that the palm tree has 366 uses. If that is so, then the reindeer has 366 uses too.

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It is a beautiful sight to see the herds feeding on the mountains or swimming the Fjords.

The people themselves are small and have a peculiarly shaped head, which is short in the sense that it is decidedly broad for its length.

There is a tradition that this people came from Mongolia, but wherever they came from they were treated as a subject race as early as the 9th century by Norsemen. Repeatedly they rebelled, but only to be further humiliated. But all the Governments of the Northern regions have shown every kindness to the Lapps for many a year.

The Lapp is short of stature, and although not muscular, capable of enduring great fatigue and prolonged exertion. He is every inch a fine man and worthy of every respect. Above all he is precious to Jesus Christ Who shed His blood for the Laplander. So that he is of great value.

The food of the Lapp, if he is a wise and prudent man, is very fine. He can find salmon and trout, etc., in the rivers, as well as find many a highly valued fowl to enrich his table. A few potatoes may be found growing on the shore-lands with a southern prospect. But



Norge. Lappefjelle.

SELLING HORNS.

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the gardens of Lapland do not exist, for they could not in such a climate, I mean so far north.

The Lapps have a custom that the bodies of those who die on the mountains are kept till Summer, and buried on the plains. I saw a case of this kind in the Summer of 1915. This custom prevails in Canada, which is another connection with the social customs of Canada and those of Norway.

Many Finns have crossed from Russian territory, and we do find them very attentive to the Gospel, yet there are exceptions, for I have had the pleasure of baptizing some of them with other believers. Those Finns cling to their own customs very tenaciously, and give a little trouble by their resistance at times to the laws of Norway. Their vice is the vice of all Northern peoples:—drunkenness, and the consequent brawling and the use of deadly weapons. “But Jesus is stronger than Satan and Sin; Satan to Jesus must bow.”

And the Gospel shall yet get some fine trophies from the Devil’s headquarters. “Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.”

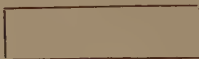
**EXPERIENCES IN ENGLAND
AND AMERICA.**



Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine ; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.
John 15, 4.



*My Lord, I find that nothing else will do,
But follow where Thou goest, sit at Thy feet,
And where I have Thee not, still run to meet.
Roses are scentless, hopeless are the morns;
Rest is but weakness, laughter, crackling thorns;
If Thou, the Truth, make not them the true:
Thou art my life, O Christ, and nothing else
will do.*



CHAPTER V.

WHEN I first came to England, my friends were surprised to find me in possession of so much of the Word of God. I am just saying what the friends said, and I am saying it for the glory of Jesus, my blessed Saviour.

Well, I can account for their words, which were too kind, in this fashion.

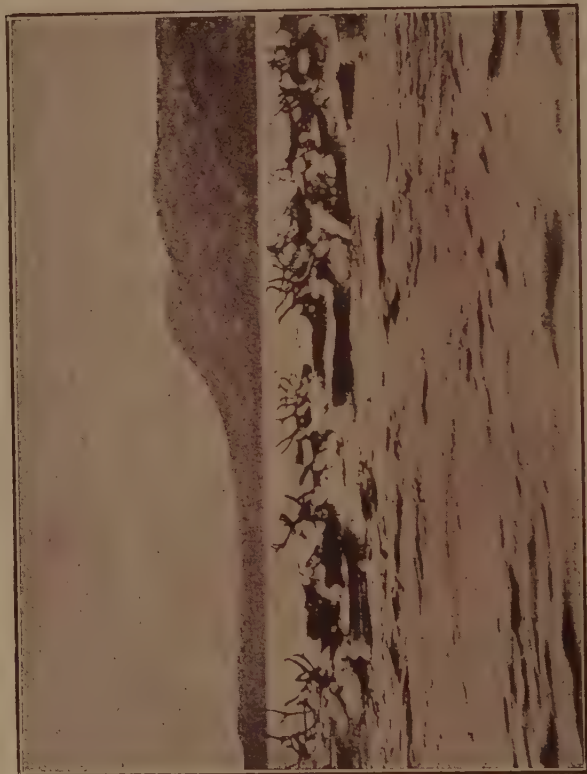
I have made it a habit to read my Bible constantly, and carefully in my own language, and comparing it all the time with the English text, thus with painstaking care I have gone through the Bible about fifty times in thirty-three years, besides special studies for my addresses which I had to prepare and deliver in so many places during all that time. And as a Christian of many years standing I have pleasure in recommending the practice of constant Bible Study to all young believers. What else does believer mean? Does it not mean a man who believes in God's

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Word? And how can a man believe if he does not know what he is asked to believe? "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." It is by the Word we are born again, by the Word we grow, and it is by the Word we are sanctified. A Christian is just a Christian in proportion as he hears the Word of God and does it. The part that Mary chose was a part that pleased the Lord Jesus and that consisted of sitting at the feet of the Lord hearing His Word. Have we chosen that part? This part shall never be taken from us. Let us covet it and maintain it.

I think that Psalm 1 should always be read with Luke x. 38. "Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Some people question that. I do not. But I am satisfied that no man should avoid the law of Christian prosperity and that is meditating by day and night in God's Word.

God has laid the law of spiritual things down, and you and I must do the will of God if we are to have prosperity the prosperity referred to here. If you wish to fail, keep company with the ungodly, sit down with scorners and scoff at Christians who are doing their best to serve God. Walk in the counsels of the ungodly and you are sure to escape



REINDEER CROSSING A LAKE.

the prosperity that God has willed you should possess.

I am afraid that the Word of God has not the place in home life that it should have. Read it in your home. How can you expect to be acquainted with the Word if you do not read it. And what is the sense in deploring the faults of the rising generation, if we have not taught the rising generation the good and the right way that leads to everlasting life, that begins here and that manifests itself in a prosperity of the soul and then in a prosperity in material things. What is this but Matt. vi. 33 again. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

While I have enjoyed the work because it is the Lord's work, it has entailed a great deal of self-denial on the part of my wife and family for more than twenty years. I have left my wife and children at Trondhjem annually, not to see them for about six months. I am wont to leave in the Springtime, March or April, and sometimes May, loaded with supplies of Bibles and all things necessary for my Mission work, both material and spiritual. Sometimes I have gone forth North, on steamers,

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and in my earlier years the old steamers were very slow. Even after a long voyage we then had to take to the sledge when on land, and travel thus many a weary mile before I got to my journey's end.

And my heart would be taken up with the orphanages and the camps of Lapps, while on the field, and thus the time slipped in almost (to me) unconsciously, then my supplies being finished, the approach of Winter bade me take my flight homeward if I was not to be snowed up in Lapland, for the whole year.

I am thankful for my dear wife's self-denial for Jesus' sake, and I shall not mention my own share of the matter. But fathers and mothers will understand what it would mean to them to be separated for six months each year.

Yet, when we think of what the Lord Jesus has done for us we can easily stand the strain of a little separation for His dear name's sake. If He came to seek and to save that which was lost, why not follow in His footsteps over the ice and snow across the Fjords, and during the long dark Winter, as He sought me. He came to the Dark Land for me, and found me within the Arctic Circle in a



MR. WANGBERG WITH BAG OF BIBLES
ON HIS BACK.

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wooden hut by the sea shore, and I received Him joyfully. Hallelujah!

What did I teach those Lapps? Well I preached Christ and Him crucified, yet I specialised on the subject of conscience. I have often heard it said that the heart is the aim of the true preacher and that if you preach to the heart, you will never be without an audience. That is true, every word of it. And I recognise the Word of God to Isaiah in that advice. "Speak to the heart of Jerusalem." Isaiah xl. 2. Still there is an aspect of the heart which it is very desirable to aim at and that is the conscience. The words for memory, will, heart, and conscience are really not words that speak each of a different thing. These things, the will, heart, memory and conscience are different aspects of the mentality of the man. And conscience is that aspect of the heart which acts as a standard of our ideas of right and wrong, and at the same time enforces them. A man may have opinions about right and wrong, and yet have no convictions, because his conscience is not alive and alert. A man can never be convicted of sin until he is the subject of an awakened conscience. A kind-hearted man may be easily touched and moved, yet uncon-

victed of sin he is quite capable of keeping on sinning without any pain to himself or serious thought. But when conscience is awakened, King Ahasuerus cannot sleep, McBeth sends for the physician, Lady McBeth soliloquises about the inability of the sea to wash out the stain of sin. When a man is awakened in his conscience, he is mourning all day long, his moisture is turned into the drought of Summer. He feels like David, that day and night God's hand is heavy upon him. This is the result we wish in our congregations. We may get a man to cry or laugh, we may easily move the heart by one touch of nature, but to get a man convinced of his sin, to get a man to seek relief from his burden, like Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress," that is worth working for, is it not? Well, my experience is that unless you reach the conscience there is no need to expect the cry, "What must I do to be saved?" It is one thing to touch the heart and to entertain some people by causing them to shed tears. But to pierce them to the heart so that it will be a relief to cry out, is the most desirable result of all. That is why I have made a study of con-



MR. WANGBERG AND HIS SON.

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science, and always to wound it or pierce it, for I know that unless I reach the conscience and reveal the disease, there will be no demand for my medicine.

And I had to learn this by much instruction from God's Word. So let me preach to the conscience for there is nothing done until that is done.

"It is hard for thee to kick against the goads," so said Jesus to Saul of Tarsus. So will Jesus say of all who are awakened and alarmed about their sinful state. There is an English book entitled "Alleine's Alarum." That Author had the proper idea of the sinner's need, not to be amused or fed, or intellectually pleased, but awakened and aroused from his sleep of spiritual death.

And I have always found it operate whenever I have gone to reach the sleeping conscience, to pray about the people's conscience, to preach to their conscience, and meditate on conscience, until the people feel the weight of their burden of guilt, until the battlements are torn away and the real nakedness of the situation is fully realised.

I know that men have sinned and that they wish to cover that sin, and their sin is hidden in the caverns of memory, deep down beyond the reach of anything

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except the scorching fires, the fierce searching lights of the enlightened conscience. That sin must be dealt with first and foremost. "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee," said Jesus to the paralytic. Jesus dealt with the man's sin first. He dealt with the conscience. He awoke the man's memory and it lived. So I know that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." It is either forgiven or it is not. It is hidden or it is revealed. It is confessed or unconfessed. And I know that I am on solid ground as I am preaching to sinners who need cleansing. It is the sin question first.

Brothers and sisters, let us work and pray not only for a revival in preaching to the conscience, but for a revival in praying and working for such a revival. Let our work be real foundational work.

The Bible is the best book in the world, and I love it and believe in its inspiration. I do not argue about the inspiration of the Bible. I just let the Bible make its own impression, do its own work, and I am sure it will prove itself to be the Book of God and the gift of God to us.

Satan crucified our Lord, abused and put to death the Apostles and a long line



MR. WANGBERG AND SON INSIDE HIS TENT.

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of the best of saints. An enlightened public opinion—enlightenment by the Bible will not tolerate such wickedness in Britain and other countries. But Satan is now attacking the Bible and does all he can to cast reflection on the dear old Book. The enemy will always attack something. First he attacked the Lord, then the Apostles, then the Church, and now the Bible. He is an enemy and an enemy is a fighter of his opponents. So do not be surprised at the subtle and low cunning of our foe. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, spiritual wickedness in high places." Satan is attacking the Bible and I am not going to help him. I am standing on the Word of God. I am not out to defend it. It defends me and it can defend itself.

I have met many strange doctrines on my travels, especially in U.S.A. There is something strange about the fact that so many sects have been formed in that vast country. Christian Science had its origin in that place and it is a most formidable weapon in the hands of Satan for the deception of mankind. The appeal of this sect is to people who are in ill-health; and who

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does not want good health? The appeal is very successful. No finer bait could any heretical sect find than that of good health. The doctrine of this sect is just a hash of auto-suggestion, hypnotism, sympathy and personal influence. If an illness passes off while being attended to by a Christian Scientist, the cure is heralded as a victory for Christian Science. Now if every patient in the Infirmary were visited by a Christian Scientist, and most patients survive and get well, then what a victory for Christian Science!

If all pastors would claim the credit of healing the sick whom they visit, and pray for, what a reputation they would have! For most people whom they visit and pray for get better. But the ordinary pastor or medical man makes no such claim.

They know Paul may plant, Apollos may water, but that God gives the increase. It is God alone who cures. How often we have been sick, or if we have not, our loved ones have been sick and how they have been cured and healed. But we give God the glory and no science or want of science. And we give God the glory whether He uses



CAMPING ON THE MOUNTAINS.

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means or not. And any sect that gives not God the glory is not of God.

But supposing for a moment that it is true that those people have power to heal, which they have not, is any Christian prepared to give up Christ to follow a sect even for good health if they could give it? The martyrs went to the stake before they would deny Jesus as God. No, we are not going to give up Jesus for all the world. And any sect that makes the Lord, or tries to make Him, any less than God, is not for me, for it is not of God, but of Satan. So I am not having anything to do with these sectmongers whatever their bribe to deny my Lord and Master whose name is blessed for evermore, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory!

The Spiritualists have had their modern origin in U.S.A., although the cult is as old as the most ancient world. And that sect is pre-eminently of the Devil. It is an infernal reality; but a forbidden ground for the true believer; for we know from Deuteronomy xviii. 9-14 that all such things are forbidden and are an abomination to the Lord.

In these strange times in which we live both in Lapland and in other countries, Satan is manifesting himself very

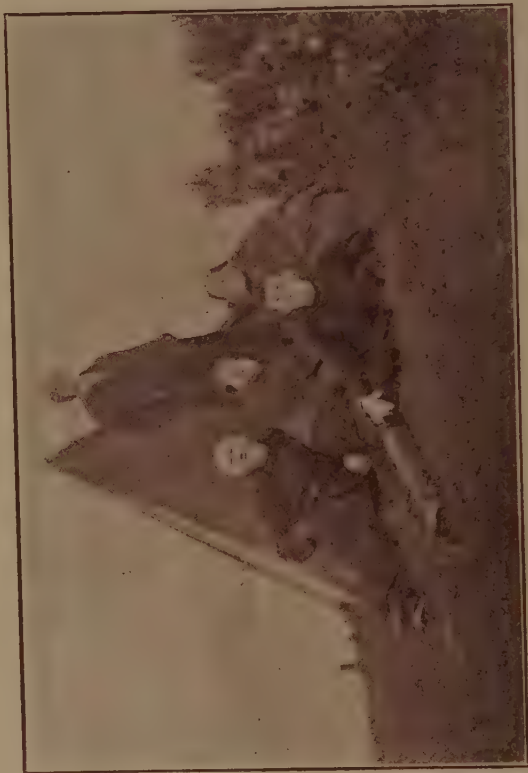
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evidently among the dupes of his devices. Here again our Lord Jesus Christ is dethroned for a worshipping of they know not what on the part of Spiritualists. If Jesus is not the centre of any religious gathering, the gathering is blank and meaningless and certainly not a Christian gathering. If Jesus is not in the midst of the gathering it is not for me to be there.

Beloved as we are not ignorant of Satan's devices, let us profit by our knowledge and beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves. See Matt. chapter vii.

The Seventh Day Adventists are very strong in the U.S.A., and they are very persistent as all false prophets and propagandists are. Oh! that Christians were as anxious to win souls for Jesus as those sectmongers are to win perverts to their cult.

Possibly the most dangerous and most subtle of all the sects is that of Millennial Dawnism which is so cunning that it goes under various names. Sometimes it appears as a Bible Society, at other times as a Bible Students' Association, or again without a name. Its lecturers appear as prophetic



MR. WANGBERG AND FAMILY.

Tent in background.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

teachers advertising themselves as the true solvers of all problems from the problems of evil and human suffering to the mystery of life itself.

But with all the glamour of their advertisement, they do not reveal the cloven hoof of Satan in the initial stages of their propaganda. Strange to say many good people have been led far astray on their slippery pathway. For instance how many Christian people realise that those Millennial Dawn doctrines include the rejection of the Deity of Christ: the Blessed Trinity: the Resurrection of Jesus Christ: the immortality of the soul: the teaching of the New Testament about Hell. Then this sect tells us that Jesus came back (the second advent) in 1874, and that the Millennium would begin in 1914. Everything goes to prove that Jesus came not back in 1874. Had He come back then, the Church would not have been here. The first thing the Lord Jesus will do, will be to take up His people with Him into the air. He will come for His people. See 1 Thess. iv. 13. Then He will come with His people and set up His Kingdom on the earth and begin the Millennium. The fact that His people are still here proves that He has

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not come for His people. And the fact that the worst war as yet, took place in 1914 shows that the Millennium did not begin in 1914. It was not a Millennium from 1914 to 1918. It was more like a high carnival of the Devil. And there is no sign of the Millennium in 1923. No, Jesus Christ is still to come. And when He comes He will settle the international and the national and individual questions. He will and He alone. According to Daniel's vision, the head of gold has been here, the breast of silver has gone, the loins of brass have long ago disappeared, the legs of iron have gone too, and the feet of clay are with us. Feet of clay mixed with iron best symbolize soft and flabby, and distracted Democracy; and here and there, as in Italy and Spain an Autocrat ruling with an iron hand, or Russia where there is a Military Government ruling with a rod of iron.

But what is to come? The stone cut out of the mountain, which shall smash the whole image, which is the symbol of man-power, man's rule and its miserable failure. And that stone grows in power until the earth is filled with its influence and presence.

This stone is none other than Jesus.



A LAPP CAMP.

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Christ our Saviour, a knowledge of Whom shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. Then the dark places of the earth which are full of the habitations of cruelty will be abolished for ever and:—

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Doth its successive journeys run
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

So Beloved Brothers and Sisters, Keep near to God by a diligent study of God's Word, searching to see whether these things are so or whether they be not so. Let us follow the example of the Bereans. But above all follow the example of your Blessed Lord who fought Satan on the Word of God as we may read in Matt. iv. 1-11. The sword of the Spirit is our sword. All other weapons will fail. "Give it me, there is none like it" 1st Samuel xxi. 9.

EXTRACTS FROM
MR. GOLDING'S DIARY.

☐ ☐ ☐

For the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God : and the dead in Christ shall rise first.

1 Thessalonians 4, 16.

*O joyous hope of rapture yet to be,
The tears of love were hopeless but for Thee,
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell.
If fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship blest when life was new?
Eternal hope! when yonder sphere sublime,
Pealed the first note to sound the march of time.
Thy youth began but not to fade,
When all the sister planets are decayed,
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
When Heaven's last thunder shakes this world
below,
Thou undismayed shall o'er the ruins smile,
And light Thy torch at nature's funeral pile.*

☐ ☐ ☐

CHAPTER VI.

AS we have seen, the friend, Mr. Golding, who had much to do with the founding of Mr. Wangberg's Mission to the Lapps, first visited those interesting people in the year 1903. Mr. Golding left England on 19th May, 1903, and on his arrival at the scene of future operations, Mr. Wangberg acted as his interpreter.

The following extracts from a diary written by Mr. Golding while on the journey, will be of deep historic, sentimental and missionary interest at the present time, the interval of twenty years with its great progress in the work enhancing its value as a document.

"The North wind was very cold, I could feel it through all my clothes. We arrived at Tromso about 11 a.m. Just in time to take ship going to Lyngscidet, to the place we were told there were some Lapps, up among the mountains. We arrived at the landing place about 8-30 p.m. This ended our journey of

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three days and two nights on the water. Little boats came out to take us to the landing stage.

On our landing we saw a hotel to which Mr. Wangberg went to ask if they could take us in. At first the hotel people said they could, but when we had to say who we were and what we were going to do, and when they found we were on Mission Work to the Lapps they would not take us in. But we found that the merchant who traded with the Lapp, and who had his store at the landing place was a Norwegian. This man decided that he would lodge us for a short time, but not for a long stay as there were others coming to his house. After we had settled about our lodging, we went off to find the Lapps. Then we returned to our lodging, This was easy, as we had the sun shining night and day.

We felt refreshed with rest and sleep, which we had in the early part of the morning. Again we were off to the Lapps up among the snowy mountains. We found the Lapps rather shy at first, but when we had been among them for a while and made them to understand the purpose of our Mission, they became quite friendly. I bought many things



A WEEK'S CONFERENCE IN THE TENT.

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from them, which they make out of the reindeer skins, horns and bones, such as shoes, knives, forks, spoons, needlecases, pipes, and matchboxes. Before we came away they came to us to change money which they had of various kinds, some English, French, American, etc., so I gave them Norwegian money for what I thought it was worth. The second day on which we were among them, they let me take their photographs, although the day before, if they saw my camera they would run to their huts and tents like rabbits to hide themselves. They were very pleased with the little embossed cards I gave them. English silvered letters were on one side; the Norsk written on the other. The men fastened them on their breasts saying that they were all Enlesk men (English men).

We were up among the Lapps next morning, wishing to learn all we could of them and about them. We found they had no missionary among them. There had been one from Finland, but he died some years ago. There was no Bible or Testament among them. I asked if they would like a Bible. They said they would. I told them they should have one sent them. We re-

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turned about 8-30 p.m., wishing the Lapps good-bye. They came and shook hands and the head man gave me a tobacco pipe made out of reindeer horn. I took it from him as a keepsake. An old woman came out of her tent with a little baby who was crying. The mother had gone away from the camp on an errand. I went up to the old woman holding out my hands to take the baby and she gave it to me. It pleased the Lapps to see the Englishman nursing the baby.

They said they could not understand why an Englishman should come so far to tell them about Jesus. They had seen an Englishman before but he did not speak to them about Jesus. They thought that Englishmen came there to hunt and fish only. We wished them all good-bye and returned to our lodging to prepare for our return journey.

At five minutes to twelve midnight we sailed from Lyngscidet. We arrived at Tromsø at 7 a.m., leaving for the South at 12 noon. There were six Lapps on board who were very exclusive. I offered one of them, a little money, thinking he would understand that I wished to be friendly towards them, but he refused it. After a while I thought



MILKING A REINDEER.

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I would venture to speak to them again. I found this time that they were a little more friendly. Mr. Wangberg spoke a few words in their own language. I had three text cards left which I gave to the three women, after which they made coffee and one of the young women offered me some, which I accepted saying that I did not expect to have the honour to drink coffee with them. They were five hours on board, before they disembarked. The leader told me, if I could come to their home they would give me a welcome. When they left the ship we parted in a very friendly way.

We disembarked and went into little boats for Espenses and other places, we had about two and a half hours in the small boat. After landing we had one hour's walk. We reached Mr. Wangberg's home, his birthplace, at 1 a.m.

This is a lonely part up on the side of a mountain. It is called Old Lapland. Many years ago the Lapps were driven further North from here. Mrs. Wangberg, senr., was very pleased to see one whom she had heard about and had not seen before. I was very pleased to see her and to be in company with her son Andras.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

The snow was still on the mountains around.

It had been made known there was to be an open-air meeting on Sunday at 3 p.m.

The people began to come to-day about 10 a.m. to see the Englishman and to hear him speak. They had never seen an Englishman. They soon filled the house. Mr. Wangberg thought it best to slip out and go to another house, but the people found out where we were and came and filled our room. There was one Lapp woman and her son among the people. She had some Lapp boots for sale, wanting me to buy them. I told her if she was here on Monday I would try to buy some.

We had the meeting at 3 p.m. and had a good number to hear the Gospel. The Lapp woman and her son were there. They had slept on the mountain in a wood. At the close of the meeting a young man came to me saying that his father wanted us to go to his house and have a meeting to-morrow evening about 45 minutes walk further on.

We went to the house to which we were asked. It was a very crowded meeting. The people listened very attentively. After the close we were told

A LAPP ON HIS SKIS



Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

we had to stay there that night, as there was to be another meeting further down by the sea at the North of Espenses.

The meeting was to be at 10 a.m. On the way to the meeting we saw some of the people carrying planks, slabs, boxes and other things. These were to form seats for the people. We had a large room and a good audience. The people were very attentive, many in tears under the sound of the Gospel. There was a little old man, a real Christian, who wanted to speak to me at the close, and he was so happy, crying for joy because we had come to have a meeting. As I was about to shake hands with him he wanted me to take 20 ore (value about 2½d) from him, to help in the Gospel work. This poor old man has no home. He travels about from place to place, sewing sheep's skins together for bedclothes. He had a turf hut at one time, but one day when he was absent some idle lads set fire to it and burned it down.

We were asked to go South to Espenses to have a meeting which was in a large room. It was packed, some standing in another room. The subject was, 'The object of Christ coming into the world; the Sacrifice; becoming

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

Priest; ascending to heaven to appear for man before God.'

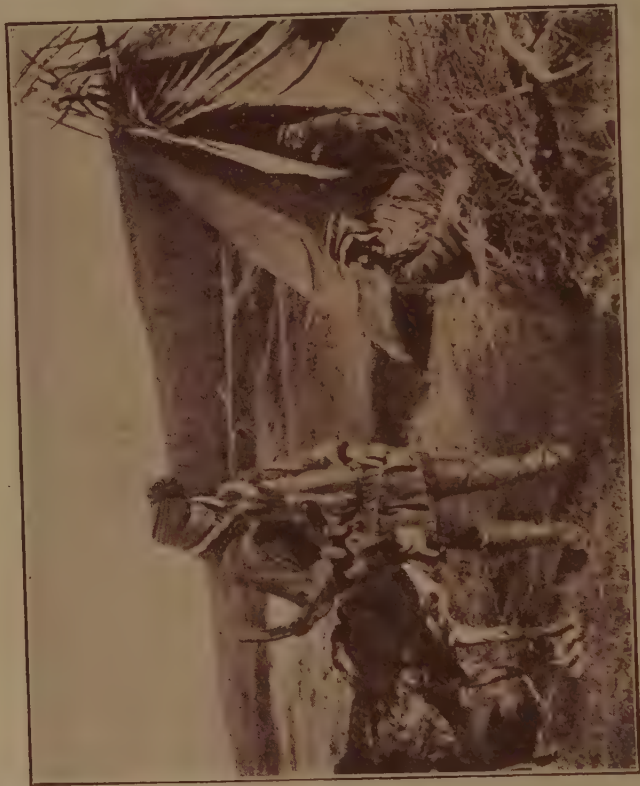
We had a good meeting in the Government day school, although the Lutheran Priest, when it was opened, warned the people never to open the doors for the heretics to have meetings.

As I went up the steps to go into the school, the little old man who gave me the 20 ores, was at the door and put in my hand 10 ores more.

We had a good meeting. I spoke to them on 1 Peter ii. 1-10. I told those who had opened the school for us that they would get into trouble when the Priest found out that we had held a meeting in it. One man said, 'We do not care what the priest says, we have heard the Englishman and we believe what he has said.'

We had rest, and a walk out, and visited a few friends. We were packing up to take our departure.

Sunday, 5 a.m. It was dull and cloudy with a little rain. We had to carry our baggage with help from kind friends as there was no conveyance. We reached the sea in one hour and three quarters, where Mr. Wangberg's brother borrowed a boat and took us



KILLING HIS REINDEER.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

across to the pier where we took ship to Harstad.

When we landed we found the express steamer did not call there till the Wednesday. The question was, what were we going to do regarding lodgings? We went to a friend's house whose wife was away from home till Monday or Tuesday, so we had to go further in search of lodgings. We went on walking for an hour and met Mr. Nielsen, a ship-owner, about half a mile from his home. He said we could have a good night's rest, in his home, but his wife was away and would not be home before Monday. After a little while Miss Nielsen, his daughter, came in and prepared supper, then we went to bed.

In the morning we went to the town and found that a hall named Unity Hall, where meetings were wont to be held, was shut up because there was no one to preach in it. We engaged the Hall for two evenings, Monday and Wednesday, putting a notice on the corner of the Hall close to the street, that an Englishman would be preaching in the Hall, meeting at 8 p.m.

We went in to the hall at about a quarter to eight to put the seats right.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

One woman came in at five minutes to eight and took a seat in the gallery. Another came in, but went out again almost at once. I then said to my friend, Wangberg, 'I think it is a failure.' He said, 'You wait a little while.' The woman who went out soon returned with her husband, then three or four people followed. We commenced the meeting. The people kept coming in until we had about 130. Just before 10 o'clock a man began to cry very much, I never heard the like. I had to stop speaking. Mr. Wangberg went and spoke to him, then asked those who were believers to come forward and pray for this man, whose sins had found him out. About eight came forward and knelt round him in prayer for some time. The man soon became quiet and professed to have peace, and was happy. He said that he had been a backslider. The meeting closed a little after 10 o'clock. On Tuesday morning when we were at breakfast, Mrs. Nielsen being at home with two more ladies, as Mr. Wangberg and I were talking with each other, Mrs. Nielsen burst out laughing as it was so strange to her. She said it was like two big boys trying to talk and could not do so.



A LAPP BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

I found what a kind Christian lady she is. She said she was thankful that we had come to her house, and would like us to take a drive in her pony-carriage out in the country to see an English lady who was such a nice Christian. Her son would drive us, but before going she would like us to have reading and prayer, which was very enjoyable. We found the English lady after a drive through a beautiful part of the country. We had a Bible reading and prayer with her. We started at 7-30 for Mr. Nielsen's home, arriving at 10-30. We had a good night's rest. In the morning we had reading and prayer with Mrs. Nielsen, then left for the town to call on some friends, three of whom had met me at Tonset nine years before.

We went to the Hall for another meeting. We had a good meeting, closed at 10-30, then going on board of the steamer for Trondhjem, and as we left Harstad we saw the midnight sun for the last time.

When on deck I saw a Salvation Army Soldier, and had a little talk with him. He told me he had been converted about twelve years. I showed him an English Bible and turned to John xvii. 20, and

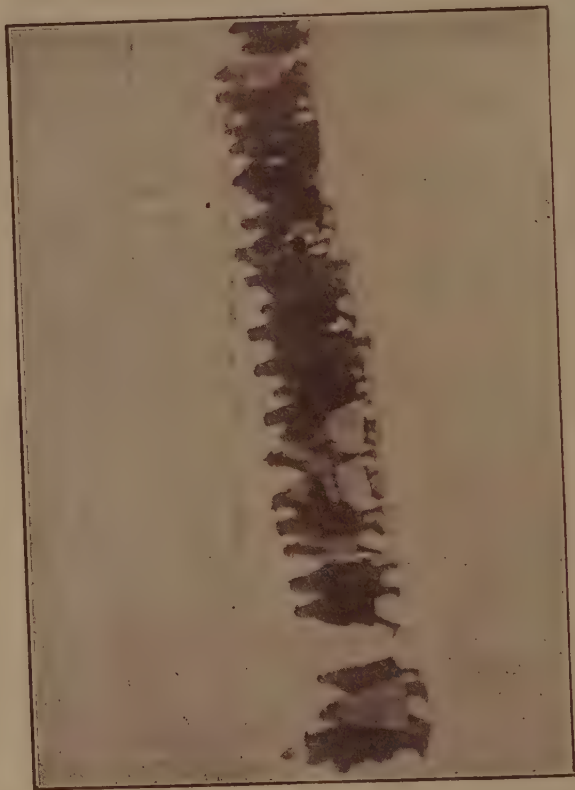
Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

told him that the Lord Jesus prayed for him before he was born. He handed back my Bible and went below and brought up his Norsk Bible. I took it and read to him the chapter showing him the verse. I had quite a number round me. I spoke to them a few words in Norsk. The Salvationist was surprised that I could read his Bible. One of those standing round told me that he loved the Lord and wished we would go with him to his home and have some meetings. He said there was no one on his island to preach the Gospel.

There was also a lady on board who asked us to go to her island to have meetings, as there was no one there to preach. She would promise us that we could not want for anything if we would go there. We had to tell them that we could not come at present, (Mr. A. Wangberg has been to some of the islands since).

The next day these people left the steamer by little boats for their islands.

In the evening a man on board came and told us there was a wonderful sight he would like us to see, and he would call us up when we were near it in the morning.



WEDDING PARTY IN THE MOUNTAINS

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

A little after 2 o'clock a.m. we were called up by the man who had spoken to us the night before. The sight was worth seeing. It is a natural tunnel through a mountain of rock. We could see through it. It is said to be about four English miles through. It is 20 feet high, in some places much higher. It is fifteen to eighteen feet wide.

Many people who are on pleasure boats land and walk through the mountain. The ship goes round the other side, and takes them up again. The name is Torghatten near Brønnøy.

We arrived at Trondhjem at 5-15 a.m. Went to Mr. Wangberg's brother, left by train 6-30 p.m. for Rena.

We arrived at Rena station at 6-40 a.m. We were met there by a friend in whose house we were to stay. We had a good breakfast, and a wash and a clean-up, which refreshed us after travelling all the past night. Arrangements had been made to have two meetings in the District Council's Hall. There was no Mission Hall or Chapel in that part, only the Lutheran State Church.

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The first meeting was at 11 a.m. The people were interested, never having heard an Englishman before. There were many more present than we expected. Subject, 1 Cor. i. 23. 'We preach Christ and Him crucified.' We had a good meeting.

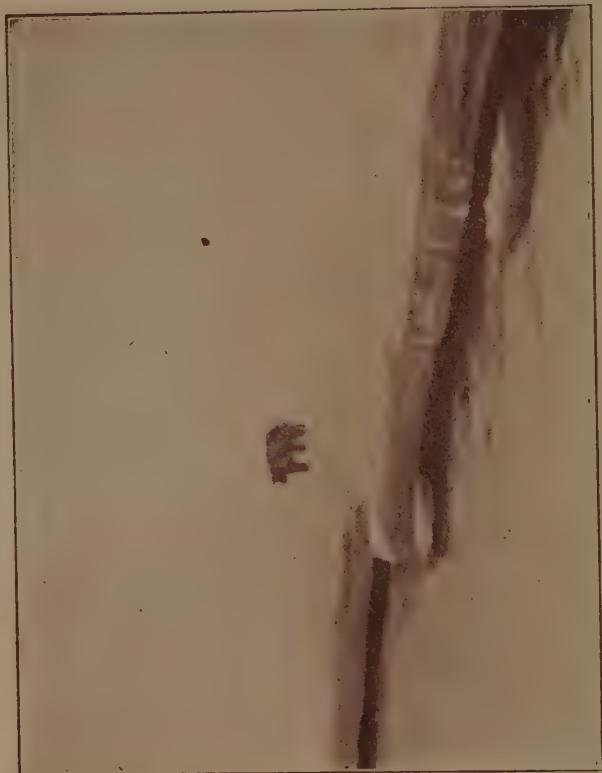
Evening meeting at 8 o'clock, subject Heb. xi. 23-28, 'By faith Moses,' and closed at 10 o'clock. One man had come a long way. He had walked all night to be at the meetings.

A lady invited us to her house to have a meeting on the Monday evening.

We went out in the forenoon to visit some friends. We first visited a friend too ill to be at the Sunday meetings.

We then went to a Mr. Erikson, Shoemaker at Pilgrimshjemmet, where Bro. Wangberg was holding meetings 10½ years ago. He was there one year and six months. Some were converted and baptized.

In June 1893 Mr. Erikson went to the high priest to have his wife and family's names taken off the Church Book, when the priest became angry and asked if he had been led away by that heretic's preaching, and because he had had that.



A POLAR BEAR ON THE ICE.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

preacher in his house he was to pay him four crowns or be taken before the Police Court. Mr. Erikson told him he would pray for him, either to be converted or to be taken away, not to be any longer misleading the people, at which the priest was very much astonished, and told him there was the door, and the quicker he was out of it the better. Mr. Erikson told him it would be better if they were calm over such matters, not to be angry, because it was a very important thing. The priest wrote to Mr. Wangberg telling him he had better look after the members of his church (it was not written in a good spirit) and told him that the younger had to submit to the elder and quoted 1 Peter v. 5-6. The priest also went to a lawyer on the subject, and the lawyer wrote to Mr. Wangberg asking him his profession, residence and citizenship. Mr. Wangberg replied stating where he was born, and the church where he was baptized and confirmed, and that he had stayed at home till he was converted, and found that he belonged to the Lord, and that he had begun to preach the Gospel of Christ,

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

and that his name was now blotted out of the State Church book, and that now he was 25 years of age and had his certificate. He was now a Minister of the Gospel and that the world was his parish, that his residence and citizenship were in Heaven, Phil. iii. 20-21. Mr. Wangberg was at this time keeping a little day-school in Bro. Erikson's house, and the priest made a stir about that. So one day a clergyman, a farmer and a lawyer came to the house to inspect the school. They could not find any fault with it, and the lawyer said, 'If you want your children to know the Scriptures you must go the same way to work as these teachers.' About 12 months after this, the same old priest called at Bro. Erikson's house and told him that he was ill, and tears were in his eyes, and he was afraid he was going to die, and acknowledged to them he had not been living as he ought and wanted them to pray for him to be healed.

Then Mr. Erikson who had been with Mr. Wangberg holding meetings had a very trying sickness, and was given up to die. He had a doctor and the doctor told him his right lung was entirely



MR. F. LUND
Pioneer Worker in the Mountains.
He has edited a paper for
twenty-five years.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

gone, and that he could not live. All his hair came off his head. But when the Doctor gave him up the Lord began to work for him and he is now in good health and his hair thick and quite black, which is rather remarkable for a Norwegian. We then went to a brother, by name Olaf C. Kalusven. About ten years ago he was very ill, and had been so for about six months, and could not work. Bro. Wangberg went and saw him, and prayed for him. He was healed and has not been ill since.

While I was here I heard a very strange tale of something that had happened about four years ago, while Mr. Wangberg was lodging at an hotel. It is the custom for those who stay there to enter their names, and he was asked to do so. He put down that he was a servant of Christ, and that his home was in Heaven. The hotel keeper was angry. He hated Christians. So one Sunday Mr. Wangberg had to walk about seven English miles to the place of meeting. It was a cold Winter's night and snowing. When he came to the hotel he found he was shut out, and had to walk about in the snow to keep

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

himself warm, but as he was walking along he was very happy in the Lord.

A young man, who had been out to a ball, or something of the kind, was returning to his home, and coming towards Mr. Wangberg was afraid to meet him (not knowing who he was), but seeing such a shining light around his head, he turned out of the way and made a detour. When he got home to his mother's house he told her how he had been frightened on the way, and that he had seen a big man covered with snow. When this young man's mother, who had been converted seven years before at Mr. Wangberg's meeting, was going to the railway station to see Mr. Wangberg off, she learned that he had been walking all the time between the meeting the evening before, and the time to go by train. Then it was discovered that Mr. Wangberg was the person whom the young man saw.

In the evening we went to Mrs. Neilsen's house to have a meeting at 8 o'clock and closed at 10 o'clock. I spoke to the people on the Priesthood of Christ and what He had done for His people.



LAPP WOMEN HUNTERS.

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

While we were at breakfast a lady who was at the evening meeting brought Mr. Wangberg and myself a beautiful bouquet saying she had been awake all the night thinking over what she had heard last evening. She was thankful that we had been there, while others were saying that they wished we could have stayed longer. In the morning we went out to visit a friend, and on returning we met a man who had been at the meetings on the Sunday. He was very happy. A few years ago he was a great fighter and a drunkard, but had been converted. His conversion was brought about through the **little** man whom I mentioned before, who had walked all night to be at the meetings on Sunday. It happened in this way. The **little** Christian man had some tracts one day and he told the Lord that he would give the tract he had in his hand to the first person he met. The subject of the tract was on the rejection of the mercy of God, and going on in drunkenness. The first person he saw coming was this fighting drunkard. What to do he did not know. He was afraid to give the tract to him, fearing that he

Pioneer Gospel Work in Norwegian Lapland

would strike him, but he felt he must keep his promise to the Lord. As they met, the little man said to him, 'Please receive a tract.' The fighter took it. The little man said to himself, 'I shall have it, he will strike me,' but not so. The fighter began to read the tract. By the reading of it he was convinced that he was a sinner, and was brought to believe on the Lord Jesus. The next day the fighter came to the little man, Mr. Matheous, asking him to pray for him saying, 'Perhaps the Lord would have mercy on me and forgive me.' So he was prayed for and found peace."

"Therefore my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." 1 Cor. xv. 58.

THE END.

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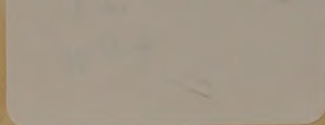
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